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[TOPLIFT AND AIMER.]

ALEXINA.

CHAPTER XIII.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.

Page.

On the morning subsequent to the secret meeting with the Lady Alexina in the pavilion at the foot of the garden Lyle Indor's manner towards Lord Ashcroft seemed marked with unusual self-deprecation and with increased respect and courtesy. To one who possessed the key to this change it would have appeared that Indor was suffering from self-reproach for his treachery, if treachery it might be called, to his lordship in having dared to speak of love to Lord Ashcroft's betrothed wife.

Indor greeted the heiress as usual, but without the slightest token of self-consciousness, her face flushed at his approach, and, for a moment, a bright, glad look beamed from her dark eyes.

That blush and look were not unnoticed.

Lord Ashcroft was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to observe it, and so also was the Lady Lorean, who brooded continually over the two attempts that had been made upon her brother's life, and Lord Egremont's attention was momentarily diverted in another direction.

It was Lady Egremont who noticed the embarrassment of her husband's ward, and her ladyship was too well versed in human nature to misinterpret it.

From that moment she watched her nephew and the heiress with a vigilance that never for an instant relaxed.

After breakfast the family and the guests gathered in the warm, glowing morning-room, and the politic heiress started a conversation which soon became general. Her nephew was detained at her side to hold skeins of Berlin wool, for her ladyship was an indefatigable worker in canvas and wools, and by her skilful management Lady Alexina and Lord Ashcroft occupied together a small sofa that

had been drawn up upon one side of the fire. Lord Egremont devoted himself to the Lady Lorean, thus completing the little circle.

The topics which formed the staple of the conversation had at first a wide range, but it gradually narrowed until Gosman Kepp and Donald Kay came under discussion, in connection with the two mysterious attempts upon Lord Ashcroft's life.

"Your lordship was not disturbed in any way last evening, I hope?" said Lord Egremont, interrogatively.

"Thank you, no," responded Lord Ashcroft. "I was upon my guard last night, and should not have objected to an encounter with my mysterious enemy."

"Your lordship then places great dependence upon the pistol I lent you?" observed Lyle Indor.

"Not upon that," replied Lord Ashcroft, with an involuntary smile. "In truth, Mr. Indor, I regard the pistol you so kindly lent me as a very pretty and costly affair, but I should not wish to rely upon it in a case of serious emergency. Lord Egremont was so kind as to bring me, last evening, a large revolver, ready for use; and with that I can hold six men at bay!"

"Lord Egremont was thoughtful," said Indor, bestowing some attention upon the gay threads crossing his slender white fingers. "I hope you will not have occasion to use this formidable weapon."

"I hope I shall not," returned Lord Ashcroft, gravely, "and I believe that I shall not. I think I have disarmed my secret enemy, whether his name be Kepp or Kay, and I have no fears for the future."

"It's all very mysterious," said Lady Egremont, pausing in the act of winding, and holding the scarlet ball of wool in her hand. "I am almost superstitious enough to believe these repeated assaults to be the work of demons or kelpies. I am Scotch, you know, and I have heard stories of such things that it would never do to tell at night. Even now, in the bright morning, it almost frightens me to remember them;" and, as if to verify her words, she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

"Lady Egremont is somewhat superstitious," re-

marked her husband, in a tone that showed that he was not free from the same infirmity.

"Who would not be in my place?" inquired her ladyship. "I was brought up to believe in such things. My father was a favoured courtier, and a brilliant man of the world, yet he was strongly tinged with a belief in the supernatural. His father had the gift of second-sight, and foretold so many remarkable things which afterwards came to pass that his descendants cannot disbelieve in his endowment. And my experience at Egremont has not been such as to dissipate the effects of my early teachings," she added.

"On the contrary, I should think they had been such as to keep them alive, and to give them tenfold power," remarked Lord Ashcroft.

"I remember a story my grandfather was fond of telling," said Lady Egremont, reflectively, "and he believed it implicitly. The late assaults upon your lordship have brought it back vividly to my mind. He was a very old man, and I was but a child, yet I can never forget the thrill of horror I experienced at every recital of the tale. Would you like to hear it?"

A general assent was given, and her ladyship released Indor from his duty as skein-holder, tossed the ball of wool into her dainty white satin work-basket, and entered upon her narration.

"My family is an old one," she began, "one of the oldest and most respected in all Scotland. The family estates were very numerous, but from time immemorial our home has been at the north, some miles distant from the sea, in a lovely glen called Glenharold. It is a charming spot, sheltered from the winter's cold and summer's heat, and our ancestral mansion presents a grand appearance in its setting of meadows and groves. As it is now so it was two hundred years ago, in the days when women were drowned on suspicion of being witches, and when the possession of a black cat was amply sufficient to condemn a woman as having dealings with the Father of Evil."

"That was the case in Scotland more than elsewhere," said Lord Egremont.

"True, and the fear of witches was strong at Glenharold," resumed his lady. "The story told me by my grandfather was about the Lady Rose Harold, the youngest of a large family. She was the only daughter and was worshipped by her parents and brothers, from the tall, manly heir to the delicate, sickly youngest son. There was another who loved her too—a young Scotch lord, who bore with her merry caprices and hung upon her smiles as though they made up the sum of his daily happiness."

"The old story of love," murmured Lyle Indor.

"Yes, Lyle, the old story, but it was destined not to have a happy ending," said his aunt. "The bride's trousseau was magnificent, being sent from France, and her laces and jewels were the admiration of all favoured observers. There were necklaces, bracelets, brooches and rings from the parents and each one of the brothers, and a set of magnificent diamonds from the happy lover. All these were laid out upon tables in the state chamber and exhibited to friends of the family, who came up from Edinburgh and London to be present at the bridal. The ceremony was to be preceded by a fortnight's festivities, for the Harolds would not give away their only daughter as presents do, and another fortnight's gaieties were to succeed the marriage. At the very beginning of the first fortnight's festivities the Lady Rose, on entering the jewel-chamber with a friend, encountered at the threshold an old, ill-favoured woman, with long unkempt locks hanging over her shoulders, a ragged dress, and a visage that was full of cunning and evil-mindedness. Upon one of her fingers, nearly hidden under her apron, sparkled the oldest gem of the collection, and around her skinny throat was clasped the diamond necklace which was intended to be worn at the bridal."

As Lady Egremont passed Alexina expressed her astonishment at the impudence of the old woman and her wonder as to the course adopted by the Lady Rose.

"It was plainly evident," continued the narrator, "that the old woman had stolen the jewels and was endeavouring to make off with her booty. The Lady Rose, therefore, screamed for assistance, and before the echoes of her voice had died away a score of servants had rushed to the door of the jewel-room, and her parents, brothers, and guests had thronged into the chamber. So quickly was all this accomplished that the detected thief had not time to remove the gems, and there she stood with the evidences of her guilt upon her. They took the jewels from her and inquired who she was. The servants knew, and a dozen excited voices gave the explanation demanded. She was Old Elsy, a woman who dwelt in a hut by herself, with only a large blackest fire-friend and companion. She had the reputation of being a witch, and had been repeatedly threatened with a witch's death. She was believed to have poisoned a farmer's herd of cattle, and had done much evil to her neighbours, who had feared to punish her lest they should thereby bring upon themselves some terrible fate. Her reputation was well known to the Harolds, and the father of the Lady Rose commanded that she should be taken to the jail. He was a magistrate and his command was law. As his servants prepared to obey it Old Elsy raised her arm and invoked a terrible curse upon the innocent Lady Rose, and was then borne away."

"They took her to the village jail, but the villagers joined with the servants in demanding of her the full explanation of her long-continued wrongdoing. They determined to drown her. They carried her, shrieking and cursing, towards the Pool, a small pond upon the family estates, and on their way came in sight again of the mansion. The Lady Rose was standing by a window, full of pity for the old creature, and Elsy caught sight of her. In a moment she seemed to be transformed into a demon, and cursed Rose, declaring that she should be the bride of death. The poor young girl fled from the window, and the villagers, now further exasperated, carried Elsy to the Pool, where she soon yielded up her life. They buried her in a lonely grave, and at the mansion she was soon forgotten."

"The Lady Rose was the gayest of the gay during the days that followed. Her laugh was the sweetest, her step the lightest. Only now and then she thought or spoke pityingly of Old Elsy, or felt a momentary fear at the dying curse of the old woman."

"The bridal day came at last. The tiring-women had robbed the fair young bride in her white brocade, her long veil, and her jewels, and it is said that no bride was sweeter or fairer than the Lady Rose. Dismissing her women at length, she knelt by her *précieux*, and breathed the last prayer that should fall from her maiden lips—and, alas! the last prayer she should ever breathe. For they soon heard frantic shrieks issuing from her room; and her

parents, her brothers, and her lover burst in to find her writhing in agony upon the floor. They lifted her up and soothed her, and she soon grew better. Then she told them that she had felt a skinny hand encircle her throat and bony fingers entwined themselves under her chin. They laughed at her for her folly, as they thought it, and caressed her into calmness, and then withdrew again that she might rearrange her toilet."

"A few minutes later they heard a low, smothered cry, and they hastened to her again, to find her lying upon her couch—lifeless! She bore every mark of suffocation, and they discovered upon her snowy throat the print of fingers! The old crone's prediction had come true—the Lady Rose was the bride of death! She had perished at the hands of the old witch!"

Lady Egremont spoke her last sentence slowly and impressively, and it had its due effect.

There was a silence of several minutes, which was broken at last by Lyle Indor, who said:

"After hearing that story, Aunt Evelyn, I think no one will be inclined to smile at a confession I am willing to make. I saw the Spectre of Egremont last night!"

Lord Ashcroft looked up eagerly, and Lady Egremont started nervously, exclaiming:

"Where did you see her, Lyle?"

"In the corridor. I heard a noise and looked out from my room. She appears exactly as she does in the picture. I am not ashamed to own that I was terribly frightened, and looked in my door as speedily as possible. As beautiful as was the Lady Alexina, I prefer that she should keep her proper place, and I am willing to keep mine."

Lady Egremont turned her head towards the fire, and held up before her a pretty feathered Indian screen, which trembled in her hand.

"I should like to explore the haunted rooms," said Lord Ashcroft. "I should have no reluctance to meeting the Lady Alexina. If agreeable to Lady Egremont, why should we not visit the scene of the tragedy this very morning?"

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed his hostess, turning towards him a pale, startled face. "I would not have you enter the haunted rooms—not for a fortune! They have been shut up so long, and, besides, no good can come of it. I really could not consent to it!"

"But there would be a party of us, Aunt Evelyn."

"Do not speak of it, Lyle," and Lady Egremont endeavoured to make her tone calm. "I regret that I am not braver, Lord Ashcroft, but I hope you will yield to my wishes!"

"Certainly, Lady Egremont," responded our hero, courteously. "I had but a passing fancy to visit the room which is said to be haunted, but if its gratification were to pain you, I should take no pleasure in it."

"Lady Egremont has excited herself by her late story," said her husband, apologizing. "Besides, my lord, the subject of the spectre has always been a sore one with us."

At this juncture the door opened, and a woman stood upon the threshold waiting for Lady Egremont.

She did not look exactly like a servant and she could not be an equal with the family, for she had not appeared at table, nor been seen before by the visitors.

Lord Ashcroft was in a position to have a full view of her.

She was a tall, full-formed woman, with something of command in her air, and was dressed in a rich dark material that fell about her in soft folds, and her feet were encased in list slippers, so that when she walked her movements were quite asianic.

Her face was somewhat remarkable.

Her features were large, and strongly marked, her nose Roman, and her hair of an unpleasant black. Her eyes were green, deeply green, with a mixture of yellow, looking like cat's eyes. They had a sleepy look too, and were full of cunning.

But despite her unpleasant appearance she looked like a gentlewoman.

Lord Ashcroft had but a moment to regard her, for Lady Egremont arose and went to her, closing the door behind her.

"That is Topliff, of whom you have heard, my lord," said the Lady Alexina, smiling. "She is a power at Egremont. Don't you think she has a look quite superior to her station? She is Lady Egremont's waiting-woman."

"She looks intelligent," said his lordship.

"She is intelligent, and really clever. She was in her youth a governess, but Lady Egremont became interested in her and engaged her as a confidential waiting-woman, something above a maid, and she has since had a good home at Egremont. She always keeps her place, but she has had an excellent education, and sings and plays well upon the piano and harp. I

think I'm a little afraid of her. She watches one so closely," added the heiress.

"Nonsense, Xina," interrupted her guardian. "You are making quite a heroine of Topliff. She is a good, faithful creature, attached to her ladyship, and a little eccentric—that's all."

Turning to Lord Ashcroft, he said:

"Your lordship seems to be very fond of the sea. Would you not like a sail this morning in our yacht? The weather is very pleasant for the season."

"Yes, the morning is fine," answered Lord Ashcroft, going to the window. "The wind is not heavy, and the sea is smooth. If we could make up a party it would be pleasant to take a little excursion up the coast to Cave Island, of which you told me last evening."

Lord Egremont, however, declined going, alleging his fears of the sea, and Lady Egremont coming in declared that she dared not venture far from the fire on account of her rheumatic tendencies.

The Lady Lorean and Lyle Indor were desirous of going, but it required a great deal of persuasion to induce the heiress to consent to accompany them. She yielded at last, but whether on account of the solicitations of Lord Ashcroft or the pleadings of Indor did not appear.

She took the arm of her betrothed, and the Lady Lorean accepted the escort of Lyle Indor, and they set out for the beach.

They had scarcely vanished from the sight of Lady Egremont when she drew her chair close to her husband's, and prepared for a confidential conversation.

"What did Topliff want with you, Evelyn?" asked the earl, somewhat anxiously.

"She was dissatisfied because I was obliged to give her such a lecture yesterday, and to partially repeat it to-day. She did not mean any harm by her late remonstrance. Evart, and she says she doesn't see how it could have happened. It will not occur again. She has served us faithfully these many years, and for the sake of her long service we should excuse a single instance of carelessness. So I took her up to my room and told her I was sure it would not occur again, and I gave her that garnet set you always thought so becoming to me for home wear."

"She is not dissatisfied now?"

"No, indeed. Topliff is too shrewd to remain dissatisfied with such good fortune as hers. She knows she has a home for life with us, and a handsome salary. She is too old to think of marrying, even if it were not for that early disappointment of hers that made her hate your sex, and her interests are so entwined with ours that she would not willingly leave us. There is no occasion to be troubled about Topliff." And her ladyship sighed.

"About what are you troubled then, Evelyn?"

"About Lyle and Xina. I have an idea, Evart, that Lyle is in love with Alexina. The idea never occurred to me until this morning, but it has shut out all other thoughts since. What if she should return his love? What if they should make up their minds to overthrow all obstacles in the way of their union and marry each other?"

"What if the sky should fall?" said the earl, in a tone of irritation. "You are imagining impossibilities. In the first place, Alexina knows that by declining to marry Lord Ashcroft she would become penniless. She is no romantic girl to prefer love and poverty to wealth and respect. Was she not sown our seed upon desert ground, Evelyn, and Alexina would never willingly relinquish the luxuries she has been trained to consider indispensable."

"A woman in love often loses all worldly caution," said Lord Alexina, would not. Her pride is a part of herself. Do you think she would submit to being another woman's mistress of Egremont? Do you think that Lyle Indor's love would compensate for the loss of her fortune?"

"It would seem not, Evart. To judge Xina by myself, I should say she would be true to her own interests. I know I should be. I think there is no man living for whom I would give up such prospects as she has."

The earl winced. He had a very high opinion of his personal attractions, and it was scarcely agreeable to be even indirectly informed that his wife would have made no very great sacrifice to secure him.

"Had I not better send Lyle away, Evart?" asked her ladyship.

"By no means. The Lady Lorean has taken a fancy to him, as I can see, and she would regret his departure. He serves as an escort for her, while Lord Ashcroft is attending upon Alexina. We should all miss him, he is so gentle and girl-like."

"You are right, Evart. We could not send him away without exciting remark, and perhaps precipitating the very catastrophe we would avert. I shall keep a close watch upon him though, for he must

not be permitted to wreck Kim's future, if he would his own. I have not spoken of ourselves, but I am quite sure he would not plunge us into pecuniary distress by marrying her, when by allowing events to take their course we shall continue to be prosperous and happy."

The conversation was continued at some length, and finally Lady Egremont retreated to the bay window and looked out upon the sea, watching the little yacht as it skimmed over the waters.

Anything that could threaten the life of her husband's ward always caused her intense anxiety, and she breathlessly regarded the sail-boat as it now and then leaned upon its side. The earl shared her anxiety, and joined her in regarding the yacht.

An hour glided away.

The little craft sailed up to Cave Island, an islet having, as its name implied, a cave in it. This was a favourite resort for guests at Egremont, to which estate it belonged, and in summer it was a delightful retreat, with its mimic grove, its grotto-like cave, and sand-dune beach.

The sailing party did not land at the island, promising themselves another excursion soon, but they encircled it, and then set out upon their return home.

If no other object was accomplished by the sail it served to impress fully upon the minds of the heiress and Lyle Indor the extent of her possessions. For those pretty cooves, those quiet bays, those tree-crowned hills, those bare fields, those goodly meadows, all belonged to the Lady Alexina, and as she looked upon them she felt that it was impossible to give them up even for Indor.

If she had hesitated since the previous evening whether it would not be better to relinquish everything for love she hesitated no longer. Her decision was apparent in every feature to Lyle, and as their eyes met he bestowed upon her an approving look that showed he would have been displeased at a contrary decision.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fair all the peasant—but how passing fair
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dim cheek, as if for love she pined.

Scott.

This haunted room to which admission had been denied to her guests by Lady Egremont presented a scene of mystery to which we will now introduce the reader.

The closed rooms were three in number, arranged en suite, and were approached through an antechamber hung with faded tapestry and furnished in a style common to first-class dwellings of a century since.

The inner chambers comprised a small drawing-room, once the Lady Jasmine's bower; a bed-room opening from it, and another small room, suitable for a lady's boudoir.

Contrary to the general supposition, no dust lay thickly upon the floors and furniture; no desolation reigned there; no ghostly presence filled those rooms with sighs and wailings.

Instead, the closed chambers were like a fairy's bower.

Entering the drawing-room through the dreary antechamber, a lovely scene was presented to the view.

The floor was covered with a Persian carpet over a thick matting, and the Oriental flowers stood up from the thick pall in life-like luxuriance, giving forth under the pressure of the foot a delicious fragrance. The walls were hung with a fine satin paper, which served admirably as a background for the many gem-like pictures, and a chandelier depended from the centre of the ceiling. The furniture comprised cushions, couches, *faislins*, inlaid tables, &c., and all looked fresh and bright, showing that considerable care was bestowed upon them.

The bed-room was a dainty little retreat, fitted up with pure white, with lace-drapery to the low French bed, and the linen was as white and fresh as if just put upon it, and had a delicate lavender scent.

The third chamber was the gem of the collection. This window was not boarded as were those of the drawing-room, but was curtained with silk and lace, which almost concealed the green rush shutters underneath them. Those shutters were in folds and between these latter the sunlight came in, lighting up the room with a pleasant radiance.

There was a fire in a small grate opposite the window. The walls of this room were hung with blue silk of a lovely shade, which fell in folds to the floor, just meeting the edge of the Eastern carpet. There were pictures framed in gilt, none of them large, but all of them portraying exquisite matches of scenery, bits of sunset skies, a section of tropical forest, or something similar, affording food for thought beyond the fancifulness of execution.

A small piano, so arranged that the musician could educe from it the softest and lowest of music, stood in one corner. Beside it was a gold-inlaid guitar with a wide blue band to pass around the neck of the performer. In another corner was a small easel with a partially finished painting upon it, representing Cleopatra finding the asp about her arm. A small richly carved bookcase filled with the choicest works stood at one side, and near it was a richly inlaid work-table, laden with canvas, Berlin wools, strips of embroidery and other evidences of feminine employment, the whole crowned by a tiny gold thimble. Another table supported a portfolio of choice engravings and a collection of well-executed drawings.

Upon a couch of dark gold by the window lay the princess of this beautiful temple, the owner of all this luxury.

She was the being known as the Spectre of Egremont.

She looked angelic and ethereal enough to seem indeed a visitant from another world. Her long bronze hair, unbound from its fillet, strayed over her shoulders, and in the mingled firelight and sunlight looked like pure gold; her pure, pale face was unearthly in its beauty, and her eyes, now gazing dreamily into the fire, were more than ever glorious in their lustre and loveliness.

Yet that she was no spirit was evidenced by her gentle respiration, and by the low-breathed sigh that now and then escaped her lips.

She had been reading "Child Harold," and the small green and gold volume was still clasped in her hand, upon which sparkled the quaintly set gems which had attracted Lord Ashcroft's attention.

She was engaged in that favourite occupation of the young, wearing day-dreams, and that *àers* were pleasant, even while slightly tinged with melancholy, was apparent by the smiles that succeeded her faint sighs.

The apartments of Lord and Lady Egremont were situated directly beneath these "haunted rooms," and a private staircase led from her ladyship's dressing-room to the antechamber of the closed suite.

While the mysterious young girl was thus reclining in her pretty retreat, Toplift ascended the private stairs, came through the anteroom and the larger apartment and entered her presence.

The woman appeared to be in an excellent humour and held up her hand, in which she clasped a small leathern case, with something of triumph in her air.

Taking possession of an easy-chair, she said, pleasantly:

"Dreaming as usual, Lady Aimée. Are you thinking what you shall do to-day—whether you will paint, or draw, or play and sing, or embroider those pretty white velvet alippers?"

"I have not been thinking of any of these things, nurse," answered the young girl, in tones as sad and musical as the voice of an *Æolian* harp. "I've been reading 'Child Harold,' and that made me think what a riddle life is. I should so love to see those countries I've been reading about. I wish I could sail down between 'those banks of Rhine,' and see those storied castles—"

"But you can't," interrupted Toplift, "and your vain wishes can only harm you. Make up your mind to make the best of your lot. I am sure it is pleasant enough. Half the girls in the world would give anything to be in your place."

"Even at the cost of their liberty?"

"Yes, indeed. What is liberty worth if one's life must be spent in the cold and the storm, ill fed and worse clothed? I am shut up here nearly as much as you are, but I am thankful and grateful instead of repining. It is happiness to me to have such a home after my early life!"

"But you were free then?"

"Yes, I was free, Aimée, if freedom consists in earning one's own bread, and being turned away at the caprice of one's employer. But I found it a hard life. I never had a half-penny at the end of the year, for I must dress well, and if I had been taken ill I must have gone to an hospital. How I longed for a permanent home then! Heaven only knows the temptation I had—!" She paused abruptly, as if she had unconsciously drifted upon a painful subject. The next moment she continued, "Lady Egremont took compassion upon me—I was a governess in the family of one of her relatives—and offered me a situation as your governess and nurse. That was sixteen years ago nearly."

"And I am sixteen now!"

"Yes, you are sixteen now. I came here when the heiress was about two years old, and you were a tiny infant. You are two years younger than she. But I was talking about your enviable lot. You ought to be the happiest girl in the world, my pet. What is there you can wish for that you have not?"

"A great deal," answered Aimée, wisely, "Do

you suppose, nurse, that I will be shut up here always?"

"I don't know. You must ask Lady Egremont. You know if there is anything you would like to have you have only to mention it."

"I cannot have what I want—my freedom," sighed the young prisoner, letting fall her book. "But we won't talk about it. What have you in your hand, nurse?"

Toplift lifted the leathern case from her lap, and drew nearer her youthful mistress.

"It's a present my lady just gave me, my pet," she said, opening it. "See there!"

She displayed the garnet set which Lady Egremont had given her, and the Lady Aimée praised its beauty sufficiently to please her governess, who tried on the jewels before the long mirror, declaring that they must have been purchased for her, and that she had always thought them too simple and inexpensive for Lady Egremont.

"She was very good to give them to you, Dorcas," said Aimée.

Toplift shrugged her shoulders.

"Good!" she said. "So she was—good to herself! You see, Lady Aimée, my lady gave me a downright scolding yesterday, and began it again this morning, and I wouldn't stand it. I told her so. I said, here have I been faithful to you all these years, and at the first remissness you find fault and blame me. I said, I will not endure it. Then her ladyship answered that she had not meant to hurt my feelings, but only to make me more careful for the future, and she gave me this set which I have always wanted. Her ladyship is very kind, when she likes to be!"

The governess resumed her seat opposite the mirror and regarded the reflection of her newly acquired treasures.

"I suppose she blamed you on my account?"

"Yes, on your account, Lady Aimée. My lord and my lady are both very angry on account of your visit to Lord Ashcroft's room."

"Is his name Lord Ashcroft?" interrupted the maiden, musingly.

"Yes, Lionel, Lord Ashcroft—that's his name. My lady doesn't know for certain that he saw you, and I wish you'd tell her he was asleep if she ask you—"

"I shall never tell a falsehood!" interrupted the Lady Aimée, proudly.

"Of course not. But you might let her ladyship think so, without saying it in so many words."

"I will not act a falsehood!"

The woman frowned, but her young charge looked at her with such a serenely resolute expression that she forced a smile, and said:

"Well, Lady Aimée, have your own way. I can stand scoldings, I think. And, most likely, his lordship thought you a ghost. So no harm has been done. But you must not escape from these rooms again. My lady said that you were seen in the corridor last evening by her nephew, and that there is danger to us all if you venture out again!"

"The gentleman that ran into his room and locked the door on seeing me is her nephew then, and my cousin?" inquired the maiden.

"Yes. He is Lyle Indor. But I've something else to tell you. My lord saw the boat-keeper last night and learned of your mad freak the other evening when you lighted that coloured Chinese lantern and stood at the window. He was in a dreadful rage with me about it. Lord Ashcroft and the boatman saw you. My lord says it must not occur again. Unless you promise not to venture out of these rooms again I shall be obliged to lock you into your bed-room."

"So sure as you attempt such a thing, Dorcas," said the little lady, a bright scarlet flash burning suddenly in her clear cheeks, and her voice trembling with indignation, "I will tell mamma that you have got into the habit of taking opium and are no longer trustworthy!"

"Oh, you won't do that, Lady Aimée, my pretty pet," cried the governess, in an agony of fear. "Her ladyship would never forgive me. Haven't I been good and tender to you all your life? Haven't I loved you like myself? Have I often been harsh to you?"

The little maiden appeared to reflect.

Toplift had indeed been very good and kind to her all her life, and she was attached to her in return. She made a reply to that effect.

"Then you won't tell of me, I'm sure you won't. Opium is such a comfort to me. The doctor ordered it—he did, indeed, a long while ago."

"Very well, Dorcas. I will make a compromise with you. You shall gratify yourself, and I will gratify myself—if I can."

From this decision the Lady Aimée could not be swayed, and her governess finally relinquished the attempt.

"My lady will be up to see you this evening, Lady

Aimée," she said, after a pause. "If she should scold you for your late imprudence I know you will not betray me."

"Did you say his name is Lionel?" inquired the maiden, irrelevantly.

"Whose? Oh, Lord Ashcroft's? Yes, his name is Lionel."

"It's a beautiful name," mused Aimée, looking into the fire, and pressing her dainty cheek more heavily upon her pillow. "He is very handsome. I think he is a thousand times handsomer than any picture I have. Everybody must love him."

"Oh, I daresay everybody who knows him does love him," replied Toplift, somewhat puzzled by the mood and manner of her young mistress. "He speaks kindly to everyone, and he is as rich as any lord has need to be. And he is handsome."

"His eyes were so beautiful," said the Lady Aimée, dreamily. "When he looked at me for that minute it seemed to me that I was looking into the heart of one of those pansies, such as are in the flower-pot yonder. And his hair, Dorcas, was so very fair—yet not too fair. He has a spirited face—"

"But what of it, my pet?" cried the governess, uneasily. "What is it to you or me how Lord Ashcroft looks?"

The maiden started as though she had been rudely aroused from a dream, and a soft flush, like the faint pink inner tint of a sea-shell, crept into her cheeks, and her dusky eyes drooped with a sweet confusion she had never before experienced.

"I don't know that he is anything to me, Dorcas," she answered, "but he looked so brave and grand—just as if he could have done those noble deeds that Sir Walter Scott's heroes did."

"I presume he might—the Ashcrofts are a brave race. But his looks or his deeds are nothing to you nor me. His lordship has come to Egremont to visit the Lady Alexina, to whom he is betrothed."

The pink flush died out of the sweet young face of Aimée, and her eyes showed a slightly troubled expression, but her serenity was not disturbed. She murmured, softly:

"He is to wed the Lady Alexina. It seems to me she has everything, Dorcas. She is free to do as she likes. You spoke once of her horse. How delightful it must be to ride in the fresh air, through the wood and plantations! And Egremont belongs to her—and now she is going to have Lord Ashcroft for her husband."

Toplift bent over her jewels for some moments in silence, as if planning a reply, and finally she said:

"You are murmuring against Providence, Lady Aimée. Some have one lot, and some have another. You have been so happy and contented all your life that it seems strange to hear you complain now. I hope you don't envy the Lady Alexina."

"No, I think I don't envy her advantages. I never saw her, Dorcas. Is she very beautiful?"

"Very, yet not so beautiful as you, my pet."

"Do you think me beautiful?" asked the young girl, innocently, full of artless pleasure at the compliment.

"Certainly. You have rare beauty and loveliness, Lady Aimée. The Lady Alexina cannot compare with you, yet she is very queenly, and will be much admired when she goes to court as Lady Ashcroft. She is darker than you and her hair is black, not bronze like yours, and her cheeks have more colour in them."

"I wish I could see her," murmured the maiden. "Perhaps she would love me and be my sister."

"You can never see her to speak to her. But if you want to catch a glimpse of her I daresay you can do so now. She is gone sailing with Lord Ashcroft and Mr. Indor."

Lady Aimée sprang up lightly from the Indian couch on which she had been reclining, and her hands fluttered eagerly among the folds of the shutters. By drawing a cord two or three of the folds were drawn together, leaving quite a space free as a loop-hole, through which the maiden might make her observations.

She hastened to avail herself of it, her face and person being fully screened from the scrutiny of anyone upon the sea.

"I see the yacht, Dorcas," she cried, joyfully, after a minute's survey of the waters. "There are four, yes, five, persons in it. But I cannot see their faces. Please give me the glass."

The governess took up from a bracket an ivory-mounted sea-glass, and handed it to the Lady Aimée, who adjusted it and then looked long and earnestly through it.

"I can't see them," she said at last, putting down her glass. "The sail interrupts my view. But I saw a fair, handsome lady—"

"The Lady Lorean Ashcroft! Lord Ashcroft's sister! Only she is not handsome."

"She looked good, Dorcas. And I saw the boat-

man, the same I have seen so often. They are going up the coast now. Perhaps when they return I shall see them better!"

She proceeded to pile up the Moorish cushions upon the couch, and when she had formed a throne sufficiently high for her purpose, she mounted it, and resumed her observations with unwearied patience.

"I should like to go with them, Dorcas," she said, suddenly. "Do you think I shall have to remain shut up here always?"

"I don't know."

"I should like so much to wander in the gardens you have described to me, Dorcas. It must be pleasant to pluck the flowers from their beds in the earth, or see them growing so full of colours, and so healthy, as some of those mamma brings me. They fade and die in that dark drawing-room, for they don't like the lamp-light. I wonder sometimes in the night, when you are asleep, what I could ever have done to be condemned to such an imprisonment, from the very hour of my birth too. It would almost seem that I had no right to be born."

Instead of replying Toplift arose and went into the drawing-room, lighted the chandelier and seated herself to the perusal of a new novel, which had been already read by the Lady Aimée. She was soon so absorbed in its contents as to quite forget her young charge, and the maiden resumed her day-dreaming.

She watched the yacht until it had passed beyond the range of her vision, and kept her eyes fixed upon the spot at which it had disappeared until, some time later, it reappeared.

Then she applied herself to studying the faces of the excursionists through her glass.

There was now nothing to obstruct her view, and the features of the Lady Alexina were fully revealed to her. She could even see the haughty character of the heiress's countenance, and she felt chilled by it.

"I don't think I could love her," she murmured. "And I don't think she would love me."

She next regarded Lyle Indor, but his face was too mild and effeminate to look brave and spirited, so she looked at Lord Ashcroft, with a sudden blush, and an involuntary shyness of manner.

She gazed at him long and earnestly, smiling in sympathy when he gesticulated, uttering a cry of fear when he changed his seat, and bestowing upon him continually an admiring glance that would have delighted his lordship could he but have beheld it.

When the yacht had again passed out of sight, the excursionists nearing home, the Lady Aimée dropped her glass, sank down again upon the couch, and gave herself up to pleasant thoughts.

"Lionel!" she murmured, softly. "I wonder if he has forgotten me. I wonder if he thinks kindly of me. He must know that I am not the ghost of the Lady Jasmine. I must tell him I am not some time, but I will be very careful not to betray mamma's secret. Lionel! How sweetly it sounds! Dear Lionel!"

As she linked his lordship's name to the endearing epithet she looked around her, fearing that Toplift had heard her, and then buried her blushing face in her pillow.

(To be continued.)

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—It is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in a forest or a snowstorm manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found, probably, in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and in the absence of any guiding line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian, insensibly, round to the left.

A MOVING ROCK.—The Memphis *Avant-courier* professes to have been informed by a distinguished Tennessean, who derived his information from two young English noblemen who have been visiting the Far South-west in search of scientific knowledge, of the existence in Northern Arkansas of an immense moving mass of rock. South-west, says our authority, about ten miles from the source of the St. Francis River, which is supposed to rise in the Ozark Mountains, and a short distance from the boundary line which separates Missouri from Arkansas, is a strip of limestone, or green stone, ranging from between one to two miles in width. It is interspersed here and there with plats of land, in many cases over an acre in length, peculiarly rich in soil, and making the strange, and, perhaps, hitherto unknown, conformation of a swampy and rocky soil. At the extreme north-east extremity of this rocky section the water from the St. Francis pours in, especially in the spring and fall seasons, in a heavy volume. The stream, for it is nothing else than a stream, although its current is swift beyond parallel,

takes a zig-zag course through the rock, being particularly swift at the above-mentioned extremity, and again empties itself into the St. Francis. At the extremity is a solid mass of rugged and picturesque rocks, almost oval in shape, washed on all sides by a rapid current, and moves directly and regularly back and forward; always in motion, and creating a deep and heavy sound, which can be heard for miles. At first its motion is hardly perceptible to the ordinary vision, but as the sound increases, and the strange eye rests more directly and minutely, the object becomes palpable. On either side of this immense movable substance, which, as we have said before, is surrounded by a swift current, are here and there eddies threatening instant destruction to everything coming within its yawning and awful reach. The mass of rock is covered with wild vegetation, which grows up thickly and spontaneously.

THE COCA PLANT OF PERU.

MARKHAM, in his "Travels in Peru and India," has given an account of the coca leaf, and I am very glad to find it has been introduced into England, where I hope it will flourish, for the worshipped shrub of the Incas certainly possesses valuable properties. It grows wild in the Sierra or Highlands of Peru, and is cultivated at a height of five thousand feet above the level of the sea, where, along with various kinds of Cinchona, or Peruvian Bark, it thrives luxuriantly, and proves exceedingly useful. But, while lauding its good qualities, we must not forget, if ever it becomes general in this country, that it has somewhat of a bad reputation (I fear a deserved one), which may counterbalance its virtues. For instance, the chewing of the leaf, indulged in frequently, is attended with most pernicious effects. It is said to produce an intoxication like that of opium. The poor wretched Peruvian Indian who gives way to his predilection for the coca leaf will wander away into the woods, and will remain for days, regardless of weather and indifferent to food. The appetite for this leaf increases the more one partakes of it; the power of resisting such a habit decreases; and the miserable victim of physical and mental disease dies at length a lingering death. Still, in medical hands, how valuable may this plant not become!

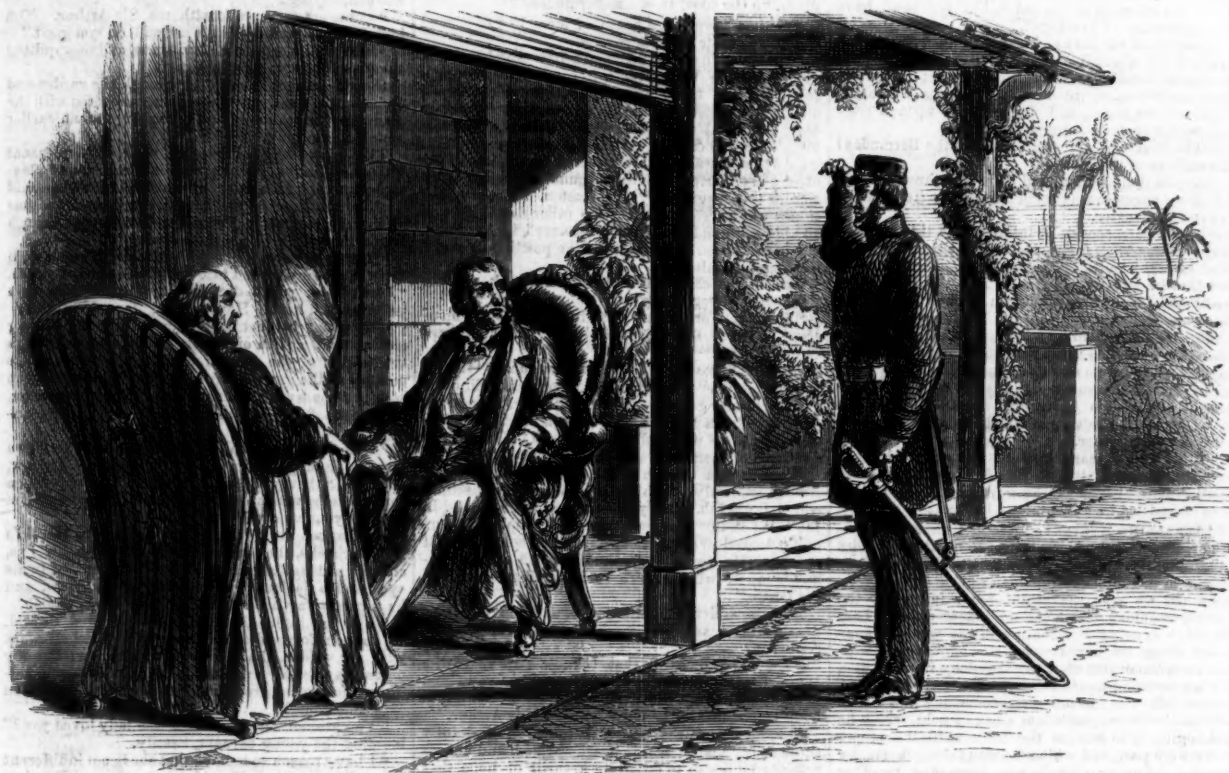
The leaves are gathered and dried in the sun, and are chewed mixed with quicklime. The Peruvians say that the lime renders the flavour of the leaf more apparent to the taste, and that when under its influence they are endowed with wonderful powers of endurance. They perform extraordinary journeys without fatigue; work twenty hours at a stretch without sleep; and are recorded to have travelled on foot from La Paz to Chuquisaca (seventy leagues) in three days, by constantly chewing the coca, which they carry in a small bag hung over their shoulder together with a bottle of quicklime. Some people have tried it as a substitute for tea. You may make enough for half a dozen people with four leaves.

How rich Peru is in vegetable productions! and a great many of them are medicinal herbs. Trees are found there that yield several different kinds of wax, and many shrubs, having only Peruvian appellations, are unknown to us comparatively. There is a wide field there for the botanical explorer. Flowers cultivated in our greenhouses and gardens grow wild in the forests. The large flowered jasmine and the *Datura aborea*, so much used by the women for wreaths, are well known to all who have visited Lima, and our potato has many cousins of the *Solanum* family still left in its native land. There are four-and-twenty species of pepper, and five or six different kinds of capsicum. Each region of Peru has a flora of its own. The coast district is perhaps the most barren, but the east of the Andes is exceedingly rich. The western slopes of the Andes also produce many valuable trees, the cabbage palm, the cocoa nut, the cotton shrub, plantain, &c.

KRUPP's first steel cannon were cast in 1849 and offered to the chief German governments, but refused by them because they thought the article too novel and costly. The Viceroy of Egypt was the first who ordered them.

A CLEVER INVENTION.—A clever Irishman, Burns by name, claims to have invented a new method of solving mathematical problems. His system consists in making use of colours, and by these he is able to solve problems which have puzzled the Cambridge dons.

DEATHS FROM EXPLOSION OF COAL MINES.—From the report of the Select Committee on the operation of the Acts for the regulation of coal mines it appears that the number of deaths from explosions in Great Britain, in the ten years, 1856-65, was 2,019, that of deaths from falls 3,953; and from these and all other causes, on the surface, and in mines, 9,916, giving an average of nearly 1,000 deaths per annum.



THE WATER-WOLF.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE the judge and Sir Charles Mayne, seated on the veranda of the manor-house, were enjoying their fond anticipations of the union of Amy and Harold the lodge gates swung open, and a horseman rode into the avenue leading to the dwelling.

"Ah, there is Sergeant Brown!" said the baronet. "After you were all in bed last night, my dear judge, I sent information to my Chief of Police, Rockland, of the pretended Gunnel, otherwise Cuttle, and also of the terrible monster seen by Sir Arthur and Amy. I suggested, of course, an immediate search of the whole island of St. David's by a suitable force of men, and it seems that the chief has had the politeness to send his confidential messenger to report progress."

The police-officer had by this time reached the veranda and dismounted, and now came up the wide steps, saluting the two gentlemen in military style.

"Well, Brown, what news?" said the Ex-governor, courteously acknowledging the salute.

"We have not had much success, your excellency," declared the officer, addressing Sir Charles as if he had been reigning governor, a courtesy extended to the baronet by nearly every official with whom he chanced to come in contact. "I took charge of the men who went over to St. David's in the night, but we did not get track of the Water-Wolf."

"Didn't you find the secret cavern?" asked Sir Charles, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes, your excellency, though the finding of it was not easy, the trap-door being covered with loose dirt. Your directions were plain enough; but when we got into the secret cavern we could not find a trace of the monster there. What we did find though was a kind of passage leading down into the sea. The passage terminated on the outside in a hole in the wall just below the surface of the water. I think the monster has been in the habit of visiting the inner cavern, as the avenue of communication between it and the ocean is quite large, and easily traversed."

"I was in hopes you would catch the monster in his den," declared the Ex-governor. "He must have been thoroughly frightened, and perhaps injured, by Miss Cranston's assault upon him, and has doubtless taken to deep water. But the man Gunnel—did you find no trace of him?"

[SERGEANT BROWN REPORTS PROGRESS.]

"None at all, your excellency. There wasn't a stick of furniture in the inner cavern, nor so much as a rag of blanket. There wasn't no bed, no fire, no anything. The place was stripped as clean as hands could do it, and if it hadn't been for a pile of ashes in one corner I should have thought that the young lady must have been dreaming."

"Strange!" mused the baronet. "This outlaw must have lived in the secret cave some time, or made frequent visits there, as the presence of the furniture testified. After Sir Arthur's visit to the cave he doubtless deemed it best to remove his things lest they might lead to his discovery. Did you search the island for him?"

"Thoroughly, your excellency; but he could not be found. We questioned a few fishermen; but the names he gave were of course assumed, and no one could give us any information concerning him. As to the personal description, half the fishermen have bushy beards, and all have dark complexions. Searching for him is like looking for a needle in a hay-stack."

"It must be," said the baronet, beginning to comprehend the difficulties in the way of discovering the pretended Gunnel. "But I am persuaded, Brown, that you are clever enough to outwit this outlaw. You have done several brilliant things, and if you will unearth this fellow you will earn a captaincy."

The keen, honest face of the police-officer flushed with pleasure at this remark, and he made a profound salute.

"We shall keep a good look-out for him, your excellency," he said.

"Right. And remember to say as little as possible about the secret cavern. My guest, Sir Arthur Aldene, has some interest in it, I think, and he might not like it thrown open to the public. And possibly you may find either the Water-Wolf or this outlaw there if the secret of its existence be guarded carefully."

The officer promised to heed the suggestions of Sir Charles, and soon after took his departure.

As he rode down the avenue the judge, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation, remarked:

"This Water-Wolf, as the monster is called, seems to have inspired a profound terror among the islanders."

"You would not wonder at it, my dear judge, if you were familiar with its terrible doings if you will come into the drawing-room I will read you from my note-book a list of them, and you can form a better idea of the monster we are so anxious to destroy."

The judge arose, and they went into the drawing-room together.

They had hardly disappeared from her view when Lady Mayne—who was both puzzled and uneasy at the smiling, hopeful countenance of her son, as she had seen him a few minutes before, on his return with Amy from the cedars—requested the now silent and abstracted Sir Arthur to wheel her chair to the drawing-room.

He complied with the request with alacrity, being anxious to return to the vicinity of Amy, and observe her manner towards Harold, whom he began to regard as a favoured rival.

Amy and Harold were already in the drawing-room, seated side by side upon a sofa, and engaged in animated conversation.

As the two fathers entered, both smiling at the picture that met their gaze, the young couple became silent, and retreated to the opposite ends of the sofa, where they were stationed at the moment when Lady Mayne and Sir Arthur made their appearance.

As the invalid entered her husband came forward and took her under his especial charge, wheeling her chair to the pleasantest, cosiest spot in the room, by one of the windows, and devoting himself to her with lover-like care, at the same time bestowing attention upon his guests.

Lady Mayne had been made aware at the breakfast-table, through the unguarded conversation of her guests, of the adventure of Amy and Sir Arthur with the dread Water-Wolf, and her curiosity had been so awakened by their descriptions of the monster that her careful husband had concluded to no longer conceal from her the entire facts, believing that they would not alarm her.

"The man who visited me just now, Sir Arthur," he said, addressing the young baronet, and holding in his large fair hands the small thin hands of his wife, "is the confidential assistant of our Chief of Police. I sent word to Rockland about your adventure, and he has had the inner cavern searched."

He proceeded to give the particulars of Brown's communication to which each member of the group listened with intense interest.

"My charming Captain Coverly is likely to escape the punishment he merits," observed Sir Arthur; "but this monster will doubtless be caught now that they have discovered one of his lurking-places."

"I don't know," said the Ex-governor, doubtfully. "The creature seems to have a large amount of cunning. You can judge better of his nature when

you hear what he has done. I promised to read a list of his outrages to the judge, but you shall have an opportunity of hearing it."

He reached out his hand and took up from an adjacent table a small pocket note-book, fastened together with a silver clasp. He opened it and turned over the leaves, where newspaper scraps alternated with written notes, and finally came upon a page where was pasted a printed heading:

"The Water-Wolf! the demon of the Bermudas! the scourge of the islands!"

Beneath this heading, and upon the three or four following pages, were pasted newspaper items relating to the monster.

"I have been especially interested in this mystery of the Water-Wolf from the very beginning," said Sir Charles, "and I have carefully collected every fact that in any way relates to it. Are you aware, Rosamond," he added, "that you can bear a little excitement?"

The invalid replied by a bright smile, and held his disengaged hand as if his very touch were a charm against nervousness and excitement.

Sir Arthur Aldene regarded the wretched lovers with a pang at his heart, and then directed a sad look towards the sofa upon which Amy and Harold were seated together.

"It is about a year since the creature who has been named the Water-Wolf made his appearance at these islands," began the Es-governor. "The *Gazette* thus chronicles its advent," and he read:

"**APFALLING MYSTERY.**—A terrible monster growing on our shores! A creature of an unknown species lurking in our waters! What we are about to relate will seem incredible to the majority of our readers, but when we give the name of our informant, the most incredulous person can no longer doubt. Last Saturday evening Mr. Southwell, the wealthy merchant, whose brother occupies as honourable a position as commandant of a penal colony in Australia, left his counting-house in company with the Rev. Mr. Gaston, who was intending to accompany him home. Mr. Southwell had with him a bag of gold, which he had neglected to send to the bank until the proper hours were past, and which he was taking home for security. The two gentlemen proceeded together until they came to the beach, in the vicinity of Mr. Southwell's home, and then they paused, hearing a strange hoarse roar, as of some deadly beast. The next moment there came from behind a rock the most horrible monster the imagination can conceive—a great creature twelve or fifteen feet in length, with a strange-looking head, staring eyes, and a profusion of claws and scales, that seemed to rattle as he glided swiftly over the sands. The gentlemen were too astonished and too fascinated to move, and the monster came up, caught Mr. Southwell in his embrace, and bore him away to the water. The shriek of the victim mingled with the hoarse and jubilant cry of the monster, and both soon disappeared from Mr. Gaston's gaze. It is proper to state that the reverend gentleman has not been in good health of late, which will account for the fact that he made no attempt to rescue his friend. His shock was so great that he fell upon the ground in convulsions, which have continued at intervals ever since. He has been able to give us only the above particulars, but they are enough to alarm the entire community. The body of the unfortunate merchant has not been found. It probably lies far out from the shore, the bag of money remaining it on the bottom, as the gold has not since been seen."

A profound silence followed the reading, during which Lady Mayne clung closer to her husband's arm.

"Mr. Gaston never recovered from his fright. He died a few months later, but not before the monster had performed farther depredations. Let me read the second item, which I will curtail to the bare facts:

"**THE WATER-WOLF AGAIN!**—On Tuesday evening last Commandant Horrocks, of the hulks, was returning from a visit to St. David's. A boatman waited for him upon the beach and while engaged in making ready his sail for the return home heard a frightful scream at only a little distance. He ran in the direction from which it proceeded, arriving in time to hear a terrible splashing in the water, and to hear the dying groans of the unfortunate commandant, as well as the hoarse cries which Mr. Gaston described as proceeding from the monster who carried off Mr. Southwell some weeks since. The body of Mr. Horrocks has not been recovered."

"Here is another:

"Yesterday evening our wealthy and public-spirited fellow-citizen, the Honourable Graham Westley, left his home for a moonlight ramble upon the beach. He has not since been seen. His friends searched for him, but discovered only traces of a struggle upon the sands, a slimy trail, and a heavy indentation as if the body of a man had been trailed

through them to the sea. He has doubtless fallen a victim to the scourge of the Bermudas."

"He has never been heard of since?" questioned the judge as Sir Charles paused.

"Never. There is no doubt but that he fell a victim to the Water-Wolf. I might read you a score more of these extracts, but they could not make the matter plainer than it is now. The last case was that of Commissioner Hilton, a wealthy man. He was carried off in sight of young Lorfax, who was so paralysed with terror that he could not utter a cry. He gave an account of the creature similar to that given by Mr. Gaston. The commissioner was carried off only the other day. He was an able man, and was highly esteemed in Australia, where he formerly held a lucrative position in one of the penal colonies."

Sir Charles closed and clasped his book, and the judge said, thoughtfully:

"Have you formed any ideas in regard to the monster? It seems almost incredible that such a creature can exist."

"I think," responded the Es-governor, "that it may be like one of those Saurian monsters told of in every work on geology. We know that great reptiles flourished in past ages and grew to almost incredible size, and I do not find it difficult to believe that a specimen of them may still exist."

"It may be a species of cuttle-fish," observed Sir Arthur, modestly, "which is, you know, sometimes called devil-fish. They are immense in size, and in the West Indies frequently carry off people. It certainly looked to me as though it might belong to that species. Its voracity for human flesh strongly reminds me of what I have been reading concerning the cuttle."

Amy shuddered involuntarily, and her face was deathly pale and her voice tremulous as she exclaimed:

"If I had known all that I know now about the Water-Wolf I should have fainted when I saw him. I wonder I did not fall dead with fright. He would have eaten me if it had not been for Sir Arthur."

She looked at the young baronet so gratefully through her tears that his heart warmed, and unconsciously he began to entertain a thrill of hope that she did indeed love him, and not Harold.

"I believe in the existence of the sea-serpent," declared the judge, "and do not think it strange that even this horrible and gigantic reptile should exist. The sea-serpent has been seen by too many unprejudiced persons, who have given too earnest accounts of it to permit me to doubt its being. I know it is fashionable to affect incredulity in the matter, but I have studied the evidence carefully, and believe that there is a monster which may well be termed sea-serpent. This Water-Wolf is, unquestionably, a reptile of similar species."

Harold Mayne had listened in silence, a keen look of interest on his fair, youthful face, and he now said:

"But how does it happen—"

The question was not finished, his father making some remark to the judge, not having heard his voice, and he resumed his silence.

It was evident, however, that an idea was struggling in his brain—that a difficult question had presented itself to his mind—and if one might trust the resolute expression in his eyes, and on his mouth, he was determined to bring that question to a solution. "I am going to encourage the fishermen to search for and endeavour to capture the monster," Sir Charles was saying. "It is time this state of terror was ended. People no longer dare to go out in the evening, and no one knows who may be the next victim. I am going to send for a faithful, honest old fisherman, named Finch, who has served me with fish for these five years, and see if he cannot offer some suggestions. He is a shrewd old fellow, and I shall urge him to head a party of men to search out this Water-Wolf."

Harold opened his mouth as if to speak, but apparently thought better of it, and kept his own counsel.

The subject was farther discussed for a few minutes, and then dismissed, more personal matters claiming attention.

CHAPTER XIX.

HAROLD continued in a strangely thoughtful mood, taking little part in the conversation that followed the discussion concerning the scourge of the islands. As the remarks of the elderly gentlemen took the form of recollections of old-time friends, and Harold still remained abstracted, Amy crossed the floor to Lady Mayne's side, and engaged in a pleasant chat with her.

Sir Arthur was as silent as young Mayne, and looked after Amy with a sad and troubled countenance, which Harold noticed, as he at length aroused himself from his reverie.

He immediately arose, and approached the young baronet, saying:

"Come out for a walk with me, Sir Arthur. You look fatigued, and the fresh air will do you good."

Sir Arthur accepted the invitation, and they quitted the drawing-room together.

Harold conducted his guest through the garden and orchard to a small grove of cedars, connected with the plantation, to which he had taken Amy at an earlier hour that morning.

This grove was intersected with wide, pleasant walks and drives, showing that it was kept as a pleasure-ground. An arbour, overgrown with vines, hid itself in a little glade, and here and there were patches of flowers, carefully planted, and looking as though Nature herself had been their gardener.

"This is my study, Sir Arthur," said Harold, with a smile, as they turned into one of the shaded walks. "I am giving you a decided proof of friendship in bringing you here. How are you pleased with it?"

The young baronet looked upwards at the smiling sky, a small portion of which could be seen through the foliage of the over-arching trees; then at the mounds of the gay-coloured flowers, over which the soft breezes swept, ruffling them of their fragrance, and at the flecks of sunlight in his path, and answered:

"It is a lovely retreat. I do not wonder that you love it. I suppose, Mr. Mayne," he added, in a low, sad tone, "that you look forward to the time when someone else will walk with you in the grove; when—when your wife will be beside you?"

He marked the girlish flush that rose to Harold's girlish cheeks, the smiles that trembled on his lips, and the sudden look of tenderness that beamed in his eyes, and a jealous pang convulsed his heart, and he turned away his head to hide a look of anguish.

"You are right, Sir Arthur," responded Harold. "I do look forward to the time when I shall walk with my wife in the shadow of this grove; but my dream may be only a dream," he added, his face clouding as he remembered the obstacles that lay between May and himself.

"You are not sure then that the lady loves you?" inquired the young baronet, hastily.

"I have reason to believe that she is not indifferent to me," responded Harold, modestly. "She has never told me in words that she loves me; but actions and looks sometimes speak louder than words." "So I thought yesterday," said Sir Arthur, with a bitterness of intonation that did not escape his companion's notice. "It seems that nothing is easier than self-deception."

"True," declared Harold, a shadow creeping over his face as the recollection obliterated itself that he had never formally proposed marriage to May, and that she had never said she loved him. "Still I do not believe that I have deceived myself. She accepted a ring from me, and even allowed me to put it upon her forefinger."

The young baronet suppressed a groan and struggled to command his emotions, which rendered him pale and suddenly strengthless.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Mayne," he said, abruptly, and somewhat haughtily, "it must be owned, and so have your honoured parents. I have no claim upon your hospitality, however, beyond having rescued your betrothed, a service which you have nobly requited. I had better go to an hotel in the morning."

"But my parents would not consent," said the astonished Harold. "Amy would be distressed if you were to leave us, and I already regard you as my dear friend."

"The sooner I go the better. If it were not Sunday I would insist upon going to-day."

"And why? Do you dislike us?"

The young baronet hesitated a moment, and then turned his face to Harold and said, in a voice full of emotion:

"Can you not see why I must go, Mr. Mayne? Are your eyes so blinded by admiration that you cannot see that others may also admire and love Miss Cranston? For me to remain here longer is continual torture; is more—treachery to you! I know you will respect my secret, and pity my weakness."

As Harold comprehended the complete misapprehension under which his guest laboured he could not resist a merry peal of laughter, and leaned against a tree, giving unrestrained utterance to his merriment. Sir Arthur stood before him, paling and flushing, the picture of bewilderment.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Harold, his voice quivering. "You have misunderstood me completely. I was so wrapped up in my own thoughts that I forgot what construction might be put upon my words. Since you have confided your secret to me I will tell you mine. I am in love, but not with Miss Cranston."

"Not with Miss Cranston?" said his guest, incredulously.

"No, I love one of our island girls, the dearest little creature in the world!" and Harold's face grew grave and tender as he approached Aldene.

"Does Amy know of this? You were out with her this morning?"

"Yes, I told her the truth, and only forestalled a similar communication from her. I mean she said she did not want me at any price," said Harold, again smiling. "You are welcome to woo and win her, if you can, despite any betrothals in existence."

Sir Arthur's face was transfigured with joy, and he strove to speak, but could not.

"I know what you want to say," declared Harold. "It's all right. And now give me your hand. I believe we shall be famous friends, Sir Arthur."

"I know we shall!" cried his guest, clasping Harold's slender hands in a vice-like grip.

"And you don't care about going to an hotel?"

"Nix if you desire me to remain your guest."

"It is settled then that you are to remain," said young Mayne, thrusting his arm through that of his stouter friend, and walking slowly with him along the path.

"Since we have surprised each other into revelations I will tell you something more of my affairs. You know that my father and Mr. Justice Cranston are great friends; and have been so since boyhood. They engaged to unite their families through their children when Amy and I were too young to have any voice in the matter. Their hearts are bound up in our union, and I know it would be a severe blow to both should Amy or I fail to fulfill our share of the contract."

"Yes, I can see how much they desire your marriage with Amy."

"But the heart is not so easily controlled," continued Harold. "Much as I desire to please and obey my father, who is the noblest of men and the most indulgent of parents, I cannot do so without violating my best instincts and all the nobler sentiments of my nature. I love a young lady, who is as pure and beautiful and true-hearted as an angel. A but shared with her would be a thousandfold pleasure to me than a palace with even Amy Cranston. You understand the feeling?"

"Indeed I do."

"Unfortunately," said Harold, gloomily, "my father is in debt, and Mayne Manor is heavily mortgaged. The judge knows of this, and he desires to relieve my father's pecuniary anxieties. In no other way can he do it so delicately as to bestow a liberal dower, in addition to her private fortune, upon Amy when she becomes my bride. Such is his design, but I need not say that I am incapable of marrying for money, and that I shall be true to my little angel. I will work my fingers to the bone, if necessary, for her!"

"It may not be necessary," said Sir Arthur. "You have no brother and I have none. Let us then be brothers, and you shall share with me in anything fortune may give me!"

"I cannot accept money at any man's hands while I have ability to earn it," exclaimed Harold, one of whose characteristics was a steady independence. "I suppose you are rich?"

"On the contrary, I am poor."

"But I understood you to say that you were a lineal descendant of that Sir Arthur Aldene who was once Governor of the Bermudas. He was immensely wealthy if I remember rightly."

"He was wealthy. He was one of the most successful buccaniers of his time, and took more treasure than any half-dozen others of his profession. His princely style of living, after his return to England, made him a person of renown in his day. He built the mansion, which is half a castle, where his descendants resided, and where I was born; and to this day, in the country thereabouts, stories are told of his eccentric ways, his noble generosity, and the long train of pensioners whom he supported."

"He bestowed upon others then the money he should have guarded for his children?"

"No. He left a noble heritage for his children, of whom there were but two. His descendants have always been opulent, and I was born to an estate and an income of no mean dimensions. I was an only child, and lost both my parents before coming of age. I have an adventurous disposition, as you may perceive, and, after quitting college, I spent a few years in travel. It would be easier for me to tell where I did not go than where I did go. I have ridden a camel over the deserts of Sahara, picked dates in Barbary, penetrated a little after an amateur fashion into the interior of Africa, hunted tigers in Indian jungles, made a voyage to Spitzbergen, watched the rising of the midnight sun—but I have said enough of my wanderings. I spent last year in Egypt, and then went home to England to settle down upon my estate and become a substantial member of society. I returned to find that my agent had worse than mismanaged my affairs; that the bank in which my fortune had been deposited had failed, the cashier having

run away with the money-box." And Sir Arthur smiled. "In fact, Mr. Mayne, I found myself saddled with debts incurred by my secondly agent, and I was obliged to mortgage my property to pay them. I kicked the fellow out, settled my affairs, and found myself with a couple of hundred pounds. I paid my passage out of that, and David Jones, Esquire, has also taken a part, the ship going down so suddenly that I could not save my gold. I have a hundred pounds left, which happened to be in bank-notes, and upon my person."

"You seem cheerful over your misfortunes," remarked Harold.

"Crying won't help matters," said Sir Arthur, philosophically. "I have a respectable share of arms and legs, and have no reason to despair for my future."

"But how came you to decide upon visiting the Bermudas?"

"Oh I came here to seek my fortune," said the young baronet, lightly, as he pressed his hand against the pocket containing his secret charts, to assure himself of their safety.

"A colony is better for a man who has his way to make," said Harold. "England is overcrowded with straggling men of good birth and education, who, in a colony, would soon rise above the surface. No man with a decent education need starve in the New World, and you and I, Sir Arthur, may take heart of grace. Do you think of exercising any profession—of studying for the bar or the church?"

"No—at least, not at present," said Aldene, evasively. "Before I come to any conclusion of that sort I want to put into practice a favourite project of mine—that of studying these islands. I should like to sail about in these channels, wandering over the fields and through the woods, walk up and down the shores and make myself familiar with their topography. A man who has travelled much," he added, "gets to have a mania for wandering about and looking at things."

"I shall be glad to show you round and guide your rambles, my dear Sir Arthur. I know every object of interest in these islands. We say here that we have an island for every day in the year, and I will visit them all with you in turn, if you choose."

Sir Arthur pondered a moment, and then accepted the offer in the friendly spirit in which it was made. He felt an instinctive confidence in the effeminate-looking yet manly Harold, recognizing, with his keen insight into human nature, the resolution, generosity, and nobleness that characterized this young heat. He felt for him already a fraternal affection, quickened into being by Harold's renunciation of Amy's hand, and he said:

"Don't call me Sir Arthur, Harold. Let us be friends and brothers."

"Agreed," cried young Mayne.

Again they clasped hands, warily, to seal their compact, and in that moment they conceived for each other an affection such as men rarely feel for each other, but such as united Mr. Justice Cranston to Sir Charles Mayne.

"You and I, Arthur, can look at life from nearly the same standpoint," said Harold, a moment later. "You are poor as well as I, and have your way to make in the world. You love a wealthy young lady, and I a poor one—that is all the difference. I do not see how you are to marry Amy, even if she loves you, and I am equally fettered. I cannot see our way clearly."

"Why should we try to untie this Gordian knot?" asked the young baronet. "Let us hope we shall find a sword with which to cut it. I will never ask Amy to wed me without her father's consent, even if she should love me. I own our way is hedged in with difficulties. But let us cherish hope, Harold. Dark as the future looks now, something may happen to change the aspect of affairs."

He spoke so hopefully that Harold could not help being greatly encouraged, especially as he fancied that there was hidden significance in his companion's words. But little more was said, and soon after, arm-in-arm, the two friends returned, with thoughtful steps, to the dwelling.

(To be continued.)

THE COCA PLANT.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of London, Regent's Park, seeds of the "coca" plant of Peru, were presented by Mr. Dixon. Professor Bentley was pleased to hear that the society had obtained seeds of this interesting plant, which is quite distinct from the cocoa tree, from the seeds of which chocolate is made. Many extraordinary virtues, says the *Examiner*, are attributed by the South American Indians to the coca leaf; they say it supplies the want of ordinary food, and that an Indian with a quid of coca in his mouth will keep up his strength and vigour without

any food for four or five days together. It enables them to climb mountains with ease, and without experiencing any difficulty in breathing. Various maladies are also said to be cured by it. Although these properties appear to be much exaggerated, there is no doubt that those who use the coca are enabled to bear fatigue and abstinence for a length of time without the feeling of hunger or weakness. The plant is extensively cultivated in South America; about thirty millions of pounds are annually consumed. The Assistant-Secretary, Mr. W. Sewerby, had great hope that the plant would succeed in the gardens; he intended to make experiments with the leaves, and report the result to the society.

THE CLIMATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE can be no doubt that our climate is considerably affected by the changes which take place in the Polar Seas; and it may not unfairly be assumed that the processes by which different regions of Polar ice are successively set adrift (to be carried southward by the strong undercurrent known to exist in the northern Atlantic Ocean) take place at epochs which recur with tolerable regularity. And it may be that the irregularity of the rising, as compared with the falling half of the heat-curve, is due to this cause; since the breaking up of ice-fields, and their rapid transport southwards, would clearly produce sudden changes, having no counterpart in the effects due to the gradual process of freezing.

It may well be, however, that the observations of forty-three years are not sufficient to afford the true mean diurnal temperature for a climate so variable as ours. Indeed, if the curves given by Kämtz for continental climates be as accurately indicative of observed changes, as that of Fig. 3, we must either accept such an hypothesis, or else assume that the English climate is marked by regularly recurring variations altogether wanting in continental climates; and it is to be noted that the regular recurrence of changes is a peculiarity wholly distinct from variability of climate, properly so termed, and seems even inconsistent with such a characteristic. It may happen, therefore, that the observations of the next thirty or forty years will afford a curve of different figures; and that by comparing the observations of the eighty or ninety years, which would then be available, many or all of the irregularities exhibited in Fig. 3 might be removed. In this case we might expect our climate-curve to assume the form indicated by the light line taken through the irregularities of Fig. 3.

It will be observed that this modified curve exhibits but one maximum and one minimum. It is not wholly free, however, from variations of flexure. It presents, indeed, six well-marked convexities, and as many concavities; in other words, no less than twelve points of inflection. The most remarkable irregularity of this sort is that exhibited near the end of November; and it is noteworthy that this irregularity is presented by continental climate-curves also. It has been ascribed by Ertel to the effect of the meteoric zone, which causes the November shower. But as it is exhibited by the curves of horary as well as of diurnal means, while the meteoric zone cannot by any possibility affect the temperature of the earth's following hemisphere, and as, further, it does not correspond to the true date of the shower, this view may be looked upon as doubtful. The August curve occurring near the maximum elevation, where slow change was to be expected, is also well worthy of notice; as are the January and May flexures.

It will be noticed that nothing has been said of extreme heat or cold occasionally experienced in England. As such visits generally last but for a short time, their effects are not very injurious, save on the very weak; the aged, or the invalid. Corresponding to the passage of an intense heat-wave or cold-wave, there invariably occurs a sudden rise in the mortality returns; but almost as invariably the rise is followed by a nearly equivalent, but less sudden, fall; showing, conclusively, that many of the deaths which marked the epoch of severest weather occurred a few weeks only before their natural time. The weather during a part of the late winter was somewhat severer than our average English winter-weather. The thermometer, however, at no time descended below zero, as it did on January 3, 1864, and the diurnal mean did not descend at any time so low as 10 deg. 7 min., as it did on January 20, 1838. There is no foundation for the opinion, sometimes expressed, that our winter-weather is changing.

RUINS OF BLUMHARD'S CASTLE.—A tourist writes from France:—"There are certain localities in the vicinity of Nantes which are well-worth a visit. For instance, I took an excursion the other day to

the ruins of Bluebeard's castle—that very identical castle where, the story-book tells us, the murdered wives hung in a line in the mysterious chamber! The original of Bluebeard, it seems, was one ferocious old Chevalier Duval, who was, in truth, an atrocious old bigamist, and lived in this castle so long ago that hardly anything except tradition in regard to him yet remained. The excursion is a delightful one, and you may reach the ruins either by a road which conducts through a charming rolling landscape, or by the pretty little River Erdre, which winds romantically northward from the centre of the town. Just outside the primitive village of Jardinière, immediately upon the sloping bank of the stream, you encounter some crumbling walls, so thickly covered with moss, ivy and brush, that you can hardly discover them, and in the midst of a pretty wood—and this is all that still exists of Bluebeard's castle. They undertake to place you on the very spot where the murdered wives were transfixed, for tradition takes strong hold of the ignorant, superstitious minds of those French peasants, and I doubt not that the old woman who shows the ruins for a few cents thoroughly believes in the story from beginning to end."

A STAGE-COACH RIDE.

JOHN TODD was very sorry that he was not rich, so that he could have given me something that might have been deemed a worthy return for the great service I had rendered him. But I was not sorry at all. In fact, I was glad that he had nothing but his gratitude to bestow upon me; for if he had paid me in gold, as he would have insisted upon doing if he had been able, I should have had no pleasurable recollections laid up of my adventure.

A service paid for in money loses all its heart-charm, and becomes but a mere item of barter in one's life. When I have done a good deed I like to feel that the recipient thereof is grateful, and that is all I want.

The man who places me in his debt by doing me a kindness has a claim upon me for all coming time—a claim of love and gratitude; and so when I have assisted a needy brother I like to be assured that he feels himself in my debt, and that he will pay me in full from that precious coinage of the heart which cannot be stolen away, and which moth cannot corrupt. I knew that our cousin felt all this, and I was content.

But Mr. Todd found it in his power to make me a return of something more valuable than gold. He engaged for me an opportunity to go to sea in a fine new ship, bound for the East Indies. The ship was expected in very soon, and would probably be ready for the return voyage about the first of June. He had seen the owners of the ship, and had told them what sort of a boy I was, and, according to his account, they were anxious to secure me, as they found it difficult to get just such lads as they wanted.

Some two or three weeks after that, when Mr. Todd was going to Liverpool again, he took me with him. We found the owners of the ship, and after a little conversation they promised me that I should have a good berth. They owned three large vessels, and if there was not room on board the ship of which they had spoken there would be on some other; but they preferred that I should go in the Naumkeag, as she was the best ship, and they thought I should like her captain the best.

That was the middle of April. In one week after my visit the Naumkeag arrived, and before the first of May I had been shipped on board for a voyage to Calcutta, and my mother had signed the papers. She wrote her name with a trembling hand, and with tears in her eyes; but her faith in my virtue was strong, and for farther strength and support she looked to heaven in prayer and supplication.

The ship was to be ready for sea by the first of June, and on the last day of May, which came on Thursday, Mr. Todd went into Manchester with me to superintend the purchasing of a few articles which I wished to obtain there, and then I was to take the stage for Liverpool.

I will mention in this place that a boy of about my own age, named Amos Sargent, who had been born and brought up close by us in the same school, had been to Liverpool, and had made a partial arrangement to go out in the Naumkeag. He was anxious to go to sea, and his parents wished him to do so, for they could do nothing with him at home. He was a profane, quarrelsome boy, whom nobody loved and whom all were willing to spare from the village. He found out when I was going and made arrangements to go with me. I would rather have gone without him; but since it might

be that we should be together during a long voyage I did not care to have a falling out at this early stage, though I may say that I did not fear him. I had had one tussel with him, when he tried to get an apple away from a poor lame girl, on which occasion I handled him so roughly that he made it a point to keep clear of me afterwards. So Amos Sargent went with Mr. Todd and myself.

The stage left shortly after noon, and I was ready, my cousin being there to see me off. It was a very pleasant day, and Amos and I managed, by a little dexterity, to gain seats upon the outside, with the driver, which made it very pleasant, as we were thus enabled to see the country as we passed along. The stage was stopped by a man. He was a rough-faced, but kind-looking man, and dressed in such a way as led me to think he must be a sailor. He was stout and broad shouldered, with heavy side whiskers and thick, coarse sandy hair. He had a small portmanteau in his hand, and, having tossed this upon the top of the stage, he asked the driver if there was not room enough for him upon the outside.

"No, sir," was the reply. "You'll have to take a seat inside."

Amos Sargent was upon the side next to the stranger, and, looking up with a pleasant smile, the latter said:

"How is it, my little man? won't you go below and let me have your berth on deck?"

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Amos, gruffly. "D'ye want me to go inside and let you have my seat?"

"Yes, if you are willing."

"Well, I aren't willing. I got this seat first and I mean to keep it."

I saw the man's countenance fall, and I determined to let him have my seat. In the first place, I had been brought up to respect people older than myself; and in the second place, it always did me good to please folks; so I jumped up just as the man had turned towards the coach-door, and told him that he might have my seat and welcome.

"You're a fool!" exclaimed Amos.

"I hope I know how to behave like a man if I am," I replied as I clambered down upon the pavement.

The look of admiration and gratitude which the man gave me as I came down amply repaid me; and when I had got inside, and the stage was once more in motion, my ride was made very pleasant by the reflection that I was adding something to the comfort of a fellow-being. And so I know I shall find it through life. He who would be perfectly happy must make the happiness of others one of the chief objects of his existence.

But I did not have to ride all the way inside. After some distance two gentlemen got down from the back seat of the driver, and I was informed by that functionary that I might get up to one of the vacant places. I took the proffered seat very thankfully, and shortly after we had started on again the man to whom I had given my seat got up and seated himself by my side.

"Good riddance!" cried Amos Sargent as he thus found himself with more room.

"I trust," said the man, who had heard the remark, "that that youngster is not a relative of yours."

He said this to me.

But before I could reply Amos looked up, and, with an impudent expression, retorted:

"Don't bother yourself about my relationship. I'm my mother's son, and my mother's brother is my uncle on my mother's side. What d'ye think of that, old fire-top?"

"Look here, my fine fellow," spoke the driver, giving Amos a nudge with his elbow that nearly pushed him from his seat, "if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head I'll give you a taste of the butt of this ere whip."

Amos looked at the driver, and evidently concluded that he had better remain quiet, though he could not resist the temptation to turn round and give the sailor an insolent wink. I saw the man's lip quiver, and I could see the veins swell in the back of his great hand. But in a little while he seemed to have forgotten the insult, and turned to me.

"You are going to Liverpool?" he said.

I told him I was.

Then he asked me if I lived there.

And then I told him the whole story of what I was about; and when I had finished I asked him if he was a sailor.

He told me he had followed the sea once, and that he had thoughts of trying it again. Said he:

"I am rather old to stand my watch as I used to, but still I think I can do it. It's hard work for an old salt to give up the sea, and settle down on shore. I can't bring myself to feel contented anywhere except I'm on the old ocean."

And then he asked me if I knew the name of the ship I was going in.

I told him it was the Naumkeag.

"Oh," said he, "I've heard of her; and a staunch old craft she is too."

I told him I thought she was almost new.

He smiled, and told me that sailors used the word old as a sort of friendly term; or, rather, as applied to familiar things.

I blushed to think what a blunder I had made, and the man must have seen it, for he patted me on the shoulder, and told me that if I never made a worse mistake than that I might count myself a marvel.

"I suppose," he said, "you know nothing about a ship at all."

I answered that I had never been on board a ship under sail, but that I had learned a great deal by studying at home. My father had been a sea-captain, and I had studied his books, and learned how to use most of his nautical instruments. I could tie all kinds of knots, and use the palm and needle, and do many other things that sailors had to do. I saw that he was listening very attentively, which made me a little proud, and I went on to tell him how I had studied and practised navigation; and I told him how I would, if I had command of a ship, get her across the ocean—how I would start with my chronometer rated, and my charts at hand; then how I would keep my dead reckoning from the log, and further determine my longitude by the difference between the time of the sun and the time of my chronometer.

He asked me how I could tell from that.

"Why," I told him, thinking, from the way in which he asked the question, that he might not understand it, for he might only have been a common sailor, "suppose I start from Liverpool, and my chronometer is set by the time at that place. Now I know that in the circumference of the earth there are three hundred and sixty degrees, and that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours—or, as it appears to us, the sun performs its course around the earth in that time. Then we see that the sun must travel fifteen degrees an hour, or one degree in four minutes. Now suppose, when I am at sea, I take an observation, and when I find the sun at its highest altitude I know it is twelve o'clock; but my chronometer says it is only eleven o'clock; then of course I know that I am just fifteen degrees east of Liverpool."

And I furthermore explained to him that by the altitude of the sun at noon we could readily determine our latitude, because the farther we were from the equator, of course the lower it would be taken on our quadrant.

The man nodded and thanked me, and expressed much surprise at my knowledge; and then he asked me what my father's name was.

"What!" he cried, reaching out and grasping my hand, "Captain John Burton your father! Bless my soul! I sailed with him years ago. And I want to know if you're his boy. Egad! here's a shake to the memory of as brave and noble a sailor as ever trod a foot-rop!"

"Hullo! You're havin' a jolly time up there, ain't you?" cried Amos Sargent. "Say, old fire-top, didn't you ever know my father?"

But we paid no attention to him. I was so glad and happy to have found a man who had sailed with my father that I forgave Amos entirely for all his impudence; and I think my companion did the same, for he bestowed only one look upon him, and that was one of pity and contempt.

"Oh!" I cried, "I wish you could go to sea on board the Naumkeag. I think I should be perfectly happy."

The man shook his head, and told me that I might not find him such an agreeable shipmate after all.

Then I shook my head, and told him I had no fears on that score.

"When you looked at me so kindly and gratefully, because I gave you up my seat, I made up my mind that you were a good, kind-hearted man."

"And after you found yourself shut up in the inside of the coach weren't you sorry that you had given me your seat?" he asked me.

"No, sir," I told him. "The thought that I had been able to add something to the comfort of a fellow-being made ample amends for the deprivation of sight-seeing."

"My good boy, give me your hand again!" he cried. "If anything should happen so that I get a berth on board the Naumkeag, you and I'll be firm friends."

"Whew!" whistled Amos from his lower seat. "And I s'pose you'd be my sworn enemy."

"I should hope that I might be able to teach you manners," replied the sailor.

"All right, old fire-top. Just open a school for manners, and I'll take the head of the first class. Now don't forget it. I'm glad to learn new things."

And the insolent boy laughed as though he fancied he had said something very funny.

I wondered at the time how Amos Sargent dared to be so impudent and saucy towards such a great, stout man, but I suppose the boy's instinct told him that the man had too much dignity to strike him; and as physical pain was the only pain of which he had any idea he had not much to fear. But the end was to come—an end of which neither I nor Amos then dreamed.

As we entered I asked my companion if he would tell me what his name was. And he told me that his name was George Wortley. And when the stage stopped at the tavern, and we had got down from our seats, and he had got his portmanteau, he patted me on the shoulder in a smiling way, and cheerfully said:

"I shall see you again before you sail; so I bid you good-bye for only a short time." And with that he walked away.

I went into the tavern, and was pleased to find that the landlord remembered me. As soon as we had eaten our breakfast Amos and I went to the office where the owners kept their books, but not finding it open we went down to the ship, where the men were just beginning their day's work of putting in cargo.

"Hullo!" cried a man, who had a book and a pencil in his hands, "aren't you shipped for this craft?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Then suppose you make yourself useful till the rest of our men come. Let's see if you can give us a pull on the running end of this whip. Do you know what a whip is?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Well—what sort of a purchase do you call that?"

I looked and saw a whip-block made fast to the end of a swinging boom, or gaff, rigged out from the mainmast, and to the running end of that whip was attached another single block; and I told him it was a whip and runner.

"Good, my boy. You'll make a sailor, I know."

The man's praise made me feel proud, and I stripped off my jacket and went to work; but Amos stood back and looked on. He wasn't shipped yet, and didn't care about commencing so early in the morning. But I worked without any regard to him. I worked until the rest of the men came, and then the man with the book and pencil, whom I afterwards found to be the supercargo, thanked me very kindly, and told me that I had showed myself to be worth something.

By this time I supposed the owner's office would be open, so Amos and I trudged up there again, and had the good fortune to find them. And I was not a little surprised upon finding my friend of the previous day—Mr. George Wortley—there also. I was glad, for I hoped he was trying to get a place on board our ship. Mr. Gray, the owner, who had engaged me, came forward and bade me good-morning, and then turned to my friend of the stage-coach.

"Captain," he said, "this is the lad I was speaking about, and I think you'll like him."

Then turning to me, he added:

"Burton, this is Captain Mathews, of the Naumkeag."

"George Wortley Mathews my name is," said the captain as he took my hand.

For a few moments I was like one thunder-struck. I was astounded, and I was overjoyed; and for a little while I know I must have looked very much bewildered. Mr. Gray showed his surprise by his looks, and the captain said to him:

"Burton and I have met before; Mr. Gray. We came together in the stage; and I can assure you that I would at this moment rather give up the best man I've got than give up this boy."

I could not tell how proud and happy I was at that moment. Surely, I thought to myself, this is an auspicious entrance upon my new life. And then and there I promised myself that I would strive to merit and retain the friendship of the man who was

to be my commander, and whose acquaintance I had made in so curious a manner.

I will only add at this time that Amos Sargent did not ship on board the Naumkeag. Not only did Capt. Mathews refuse to have him on his ship, but, from the story he told to the owners of that young gentleman's proclivity to insolence, they wished to have nothing farther to do with him. So Amos returned to his home; and, from the fact that he grew up to be a respectable man, I am led to judge that he received a good and useful lesson by the result of that ride in the stage-coach.

S. C. J.

JEALOUS FOR A DAY.

I HAD been married hardly three weeks, and when my gay and handsome husband gave me a lingering "Good-bye," with many caresses and promises of a speedy return from a business tour for his firm I thought there was no sorrow that could come to me greater than his absence.

Ours was a romantic match. Philip Westeryn was staying in the village among the hills where I resided, and in a morning walk I accidentally met him. It was in a lonely road that led round about half a mile back of the town, and came again to the opposite end of the street from which I started. As we met not far from the middle of the road it so fell out that on coming into the long street of the village we met again.

At the first meeting I noticed a handsome, well-dressed young man, with fine countenance, and dark, expressive eyes. I dared give him only one glance, and that with deep blushes and trembling. Yet in the rest of my walk I wove a most beautiful romance, which I had not carried to its conclusion when I saw him again in the distance. This time I noticed that the laughing eyes were studying me. I felt them rather than saw them, and though I tried to walk by unconsciously and with graceful ease, I felt sure I looked awkward and timid.

I wondered all day who the stranger could be, and what he thought of me would occasionally cross my mind. I knew I was very pretty, and I was quite young, only a little past sixteen, and my imagination was very active.

I soon had all my queries satisfactorily answered, for my uncle, with whom I resided, brought the unknown home to tea, and introduced him as Philip Westeryn. This I thought a beautiful name. In short, his sweet smile, his fine teeth, his gay, social manners, his expressive eyes, and his kindly and generous heart, combined to form an irresistible attraction. He was equally drawn to me. I was an orphan with a little property. He was in a good situation with fair prospects, and a moderate property inherited from his father. Our marriage was certainly very close on our acquaintance, and I knew nothing of his family, who resided in another county, and consisted only of his mother, one sister, and one brother, all of whom I expected to visit in the course of the coming summer; for roses were in bud when we married, and hardly past bloom when my lover and husband left me on his first absence.

We had been so much absorbed in ourselves that I had not cared to think of others. For the first day or two I kept very quietly in our apartments at Mrs. Branch's house, which was opposite a large hotel. But the third day, being weary of reading and fancy-work, I sat by the window to amuse myself with the gay scene before me. Crowds of elegantly dressed ladies were passing up and down the side walk opposite, and handsome carriages with footmen in livery were driven slowly along the crowded thoroughfare. Omnibuses, carts, coaches, all mingled confusedly, yet all made their way. At last, weary, I was about to drop the heavy curtain folds, when my eye caught sight of an elegant open carriage, in which sat a very lovely girl, richly dressed, and—oh, heavens! how could it be?—my husband beside her!

My heart leaped wildly, then stood still. I thought I should die. Yet my fascinated gaze was fixed. It was Philip, my Philip. The rich brown curls, the laughing eyes, the sweet smile—I could not mistake. And he looked at her with those loving eyes, and spoke to her with that sweet voice that had vowed only three weeks ago to love none but me. He assisted her from the carriage and they disappeared into the hotel. He turned on the top marble step and glanced up. I was hidden behind the curtain. The wretch! he thought he was unobserved.

But I—what should I do? The agonies of doubt, of sorrow, of misery which I suffered! The most horrible suspicions came into my mind. Our acquaintance had been so brief before marriage, I had so taken everything on trust—what if he even were married before he had seen me! It was too dreadful. I put the suspicion away with a shudder and a feeling of angry self-reproach.

I paced the chamber with weary, restless steps, sometimes with clasped hands, sometimes wringing them in anguish. I called up every hour, every moment of our acquaintance. I could find nothing but devotedness to me, tender, gentle, delicate, assiduous devotedness. Yet my eyes could not have deceived me. Here was another reeling from him the same tender cares, the same sweet caresses. Was my life to be emptied of all joy just as I had tasted the sweetness of the cup?

I looked in the glass. I was haggard, wretched, old already. What should I do? Would he come to me? What should I say to him? I exhausted myself in bitter reproaches at his baseness, his perfidy.

It was night. Surely he would come. How I would disdain him! But he did not come. At midnight, worn out, I fell into a heavy sleep. When I awoke a dull sense of pain, of weariness, reminded me that I suffered. I excused myself to the attendant who came to see if I were awake and would go down to breakfast.

I sat down at the window and watched. In an hour I saw him, my Philip, go out from the hotel. But first I had seen him kiss her fondly.

My brain reeled. Had I lost him? Had he ever been truly mine? I would, I must know at all hazards.

With trembling hands I opened my writing-desk. Alas, he gave it me. Everything was associated with his love. I drew out paper and wrote:

"MADAM,—I beseech you, tell me truly in what relation my husband stands to you. I am so wretched. I have been married such a little while. I have been so happy, and I look at your sweet face and cannot think you are leading him away from me. Oh, tell me, are we both deceived, or only I? Yet if one be, both are. Tell me, is he your husband, or mine? This suspense is too cruel. I must know."

AGNES WESTERYN.

I folded and sealed this incoherent note, and summoning a waiter, sent him over to the hotel to leave it at the room which I pointed out to him, and to wait for an answer. He very shortly returned and told me the lady requested to know my address, and told him he need not wait for an answer.

I still watched at the window. I saw the lady take the note, read it with seeming astonishment, and summon my messenger.

Very soon I saw Philip return, and she received him coldly and angrily. He was surprised, and after some time she showed him the note which I had written. He read it hastily and appeared dismayed. Then he smiled and said something to her gently, and then they both came nearer the window, and looked up to my room. I shrank behind the curtain and kept very still.

My misery was very great. Terrible thoughts swept across my brain. I was sorely tempted. I know not what I might have done, but that a familiar step came bounding up the stairs and a well-known knock sounded at my door, which was fastened. I had barely strength to open it. My indignation and despair gave way, and I fainted in the arms of my husband. When I recovered I was for a few moments bewildered. Philip was tenderly bathing my forehead, and a sweet smile was on his lips when I opened my eyes. A revolution of feeling came over me.

"Why have you so deceived me?" I cried, bitterly, pushing the kind hand away.

"I have not deceived you," he said, calmly.

"What?" I exclaimed. "Dare you tell me so wretched an untruth! What then means the lady at the hotel, to whom you have devoted yourself so tenderly during your absence 'on business'?"

"And you have been watching me?"

"Why should I not? It was time. You cannot have two to love. Is it she or I who am the victim of your perfidy? Oh, heaven! and I trusted you so utterly!" and I broke out into wild sobs.

"Calm yourself, and let me explain."

"It is useless. I see it all. I am betrayed, deserted. You love me no more."

"I never loved you so much as now," he replied, with tenderness.

"You have cruelly deceived me," I cried, snatching away the hand he took caressingly in his.

"Nay, but hear me," he said, bending gently over me.

At that moment I became instinctively conscious of a presence in the room. I looked up wonderingly. Near the doorway, regarding us with angry astonishment, stood in a menacing attitude—great heaven! another Philip, another husband!

My heart leaped to my lips in a passionate cry. It knew its lord. I sprang forward with open arms. He pushed me aside with scorn. He sprang towards that other, and with a terrible voice cried:

"What do you mean, you—?"

The uplifted arm fell as the other rose and turned towards him. A swift, lightning flash of joy broke over both faces, the two were clasped in friendly and close embrace, and the words "Philip!"

"Harry!" burst from their lips.

Then Philip, my Philip, took me in his arms and clasped me closely, while I wept on his dear breast.

"I know what it all means now," he said; "but I don't understand it in the least—only I know you took Harry for me. But how came he here?"

"Philip! Why did you not tell me that Harry was your other self?"

"Oh," he said, with his ringing, merry laugh, "I meant to give a pleasant surprise when he came here. You did not even know we were twins. Our very mother hardly knows us apart. We have deceived her hundreds of times for fun."

"Your joke was nearly the death of me, Philip," I said, gravely.

"Forgive me, darling. I never dreamed of this. Indeed, I know nothing now. (Sit here and tell me.)"

"I am ashamed to tell you all."

"Nay," cried Harry, his brown eyes dancing with delight. "I understand it all. Your wife, Phil— and you know I did not know you had one, you had boy—your wife has looked out of the window and seen me arrive at the hotel—there he gave me a glance that said plainly, let me tell all the story—and as I did not come here at all yesterday she sent for me this morning to explain what I was about; and a pretty time I have had! All manner of reproaches cast on my head. I began to think I was quite a villain."

Then both brothers laughed till I was covered with confusion and blushes.

"But when did you return?" asked my Philip.

"Only yesterday," answered Harry, gaily, with a very mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "I little thought to be so quickly claimed by so charming a sister. When do you go home, Phil? We will have rare sport with dear mother and Mary."

"Oh, very soon, Harry. We must go together. But tell me, did not you go to the office to see me?"

"Oh, yes, the first thing. But it was very early, and I only saw a strange lady, who said you were gone away on business for a few days."

"He must be the last new boy. I have not seen him."

"I judged so, as he showed no surprise at seeing me. But now, Phil, will you do me a favour? Come here to the window. In yonder room—pointing out the one I had watched so painfully—"is my present lodging. It is No. 26. Will you run over and ask the attendant you will find there to give you a box which lies on the little marble table near the window? It is a present for you, and you may as well go for it yourself," he added, laughing.

"Oh, lady Harry! Agnes, you will always remember Harry is lazy and I am active. You never need mistake."

Philip beamed down the stairs three steps at a time. When he was fairly in the hall Harry laughed a clear, ringing, musical laugh.

"Come to the window, come quickly," he cried, eagerly. "Now look."

In a moment or two we saw Philip enter the opposite parlour. The fair lady on the sofa sprang towards him, yet with a haughty, questioning air.

Harry laughed till tears came in his eyes.

"Now my wife is having a scene," he said.

"I have never told her of my twin. Come, Agnes, get your hat and shawl quickly, and let us go over."

He held me back a little at the partially open door. We looked in.

My Philip was endeavouring to explain to a lady who would not hear that he was not an unfaithful husband. He advanced and attempted to kiss the lady's cheek, for he of course comprehended all.

Then Harry burst in, exclaiming, in a theatrical voice:

"How now, villain? Unhand my wife!"

And then the most amazing amazement of the lady, and then a set of comic introductions, and then mirth and irresistible laughter.

My sweet and beautiful new sister—Clara—was also a bride of only three weeks. We were friends at once, and a very dear sister she became. We forgave our husbands on condition that they should never attempt to mislead us as to their identity. I will not say we were never occasionally puzzled.

I have now a noble boy named Harry, and Clara has another named Philip, but one has blue eyes and the other black, and they never will cause each other's wives "the jealousy of a day."

C. F. O.

OILING THE SEA.—An experienced sea-captain writes to us that he has been at sea for twenty-eight years, and master of a vessel for the last ten years, and during that time he saved the vessel under his command twice by "oiling the sea." He writes that, "when the master of a ship cannot get out of a storm—that is, when a ship is disabled and he has to take the helm of a gale—if he has oil on board, start two or three gallons over the side of the ship. This will give the ship smooth water to the windward, and then the oil allowed to run drop by drop is all that is required; for as soon as the sea comes in contact with the oil it breaks, and the ship is in smooth water as long as the oil lasts to run. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind I ever saw, I lost all my sails, then the captain, and I know the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour if I had not had oil on board. Five gallons of oil lasted me fifty-six hours, and this saved the vessel, cargo and lives on board. Ten ships of heavy tonnage have two iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with faucets so arranged that the oil can be started at any time; small vessels, ten-gallon tanks, and all ships' boats tanks of five gallons each, well filled, so that in case the ship founders or burns, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in case of a gale. With these tanks of oil on board of a ship and a good man for master—one who knows the laws of storms and handles his ship as to get it out of the centre of the storm—you will have no more foundering of good ships at sea, the loss of many lives, and millions of money."

VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT night, while Com Lander was working out her evil plans and Virginia had fallen asleep, with tears in her eyes, thinking of her loneliness, Brian Nolan and the hunched girl sat in a little upper room of the hotel, talking together in that sad, hopeless way which is most likely to follow a great misfortune. The light was dim, for Brian, with that sensitive delicacy with which a refined nature strives to throw a veil over deep feeling, had turned down the gas; and in this semi-obscure light his sister close in his arms.

"Don't cry so, darling, don't. It breaks my heart to feel you shake and sob in this way," said the boy, trembling himself as he spoke.

"I was thinking how many of us went on board that ship, Brian. Now you and I are left alone! All are gone! All are gone!"

"I know! I know!" answered the boy. "Oh, my poor mother! my grand, strong father!"

The boy shook and trembled as he spoke, and the girl clung to him more tightly, sobbing with half-suppressed bursts of grief.

"He looked so grand—just as Abraham must have looked when his boy lay on the altar. When I mounted the pulpit I knew it was death; people were sinking all around the ship."

"Don't, Brian! don't, or my heart will break!"

"Poor sister! poor Ellen! I am sorry! But these things are always in my mind. Only a few days ago I prayed heaven to take me where they have gone. I was all alone—hungry, oh, so hungry!"

"Poor Brian! I never was that since we left the boat. She has fed me so as if I had been a bird that she loved."

"Heaven bless her sweet face! But tell me how it all happened. I know that she swam to the boat with you hanging about her neck, but that is some time ago. Where have you been ever since?"

"We floated about for three days, cold and hungry, till some of the strong men prayed to die; but she was patient, and tried to make them hope for the best. It would have made you cry to hear her comforting that other proud girl when she gave way and would sit meaning and wringing her hands like a crazy thing. My lady was calm and still as an angel. Some of the men had tossed some bread and a keg of water into the boat before she put off, and that kept us from quite starving. My lady only ate half that was given her, and would have divided the rest between her cousin and me. I would not touch it—no, no. I would have starved to death first—but Cora,

that hard, beautiful Cora, devoured it all without a single thank. Oh, Brian, my lady is so good!"

"I know it, darling; she looks good. But you were taken up at last."

"Yes, Brian, a ship hove in sight. Oh! what joy came upon us! Then it was, brother, that my young lady gave up and burst into tears. Her white face was so beautiful then. She snatched me close to her bosom and kissed me, thanking heaven with every kiss. I clung to her—I laughed—I cried—I shivered with joy. The other girl stood up in the boat and bestowed the great ship with both her hands. She was eager as a hawk, but never spoke one word of thanks or seemed to care whether the rest were saved or not. Why, brother, the tough old seamen were on their knees, with tears rolling down their cheeks, sobbing like babies and blessing the ship, as if she had been sailing thing that could feel their thankfulness; but her face was one white-glow. She looked ready to leap up all down just to get into the ship one minute before us. Once the boat gave a lurch and almost flung her overboard. Then she caught hold of my young lady with both hands and sank down on her knees, but not to pray. These horrid men wanted to kill her, she said, and tried to throw her into the sea, just when life was so sweet and she was so near being safe."

"And you, my poor little sister, were taken on board with the rest and treated kindly?" questioned the lad, kissing that elegant face with tender sympathy.

"Me? Oh, yes, everybody was kind to me, you know, for I never left her side, and she was like an angel among them. I wish you could have seen her talking to the men, who were very down-hearted after the first few days, for they had not a penny left in the world."

"And you, my sister, had nothing?"

"Oh, yes, I had everything, for I had her! She took great care of me, and loved me dearly; and I—oh, Brian, I am afraid it's a sin to worship anything as I worship her."

"No, no, Ellen; such feelings as you and I have for those who saved us are not wrong. It would be wicked if we did not almost worship these people."

"Well, I do; I do, my lady had rings on her fingers worth a good deal of money, and the other one had just as many, so there was no want of money with us when they set us on shore. But she pined and grieved for her father. I never saw anybody so troubled and so still. The other was always brooding, brooding—I didn't like her—I never shall like her, Brian. When she touches me only with her dress I start as if a snake were creeping by."

"Ellen, dear, this will never do. It is the old trouble coming back, I am afraid. I can remember, when you were a little child, these fits of dislike coming over you."

"But they were always true, Brian; I never shudder so at the sight of a good man or woman. When the snake fear comes on I know that it is to warn me."

"All this is because you are what people call sensitive, Ellen, and that will never do for a poor girl who has her way to make in the world," said Brian, tenderly.

"But how can one help such feelings if heaven has given them? You might as well attempt to straighten this poor back as ask me not to shrink when anything bad comes near me. I feel it in the air. It troubles me like a fever. It seems as if nightshade and hemlock were growing all around me. But goodness—oh! that is so different. When any young lady comes near I grow strong, and seem to stand up straight like other people. The air is full of bloom—roses and lilies seem breathing through the light. I long to fall down on my knees and thank heaven for something."

"Ah, Ellen, my poor sister, all this makes you unhappy."

"No, no; I am very, very happy sometimes."

"But not generally."

"How can I be, and they all gone?" answered the poor girl, plaintively. "Still, when I think how grandly he died—"

"Don't! don't let me talk of that!" cried the lad, with an outburst of passionate grief.

Ellen lifted up her mouth and kissed him.

"No, dear, I won't—only it is a comfort to me sometimes."

"Oh, Ellen, if he had but lived!"

Brian held her in his arms, and, holding his face, was about to kiss her forehead.

"Not there," she said, with sweet solemnity.

"Don't touch my forehead. He kissed it—so did she—all the salt waters of the ocean could not wash those two kisses out. Her poor lips trembled, but his fell upon my forehead like a soul. Was it to make me gentle and sweet, like her—or great and strong, like him, I wonder?"

Brian looked down upon his sister and smiled through all his sadness. The idea of strength,

connected with a creature like that, struck him as almost ludicrous. She smiled also, but with a sort of confidence.

"If I were tall, and large, and grand in my person you would believe in me."

"I believe in you now, dear; people can be loving and good without being powerful."

Ellen shook her head, and her fine eyes shone with sudden light.

"But if she were in trouble they would find me powerful, feeble as I am. Sometimes I think she will want me, and then I am so thankful for the education our father gave us. It is ignorance that makes a soul weak, I think. They would not believe, Brian, that you and I have been brought up a gentleman's children."

"But he was a gentleman?"

"Hush, dear; he told us to forget that."

"I know, I know."

"And I want to forget it. Let that proud girl think me ignorant and low-bred; let any lady think so too, or they might both suppose me unfit for a servant, and that must be, if anything. You said I will take our places 'low down without fretting about it, Brian. They don't want education, but faithfulness. Brian, there is something wrong about Miss Cons, I am positive. But the gentleman, who is he?"

"I don't know, Ellen, only when I was hungry he fed me; when I was tired to death he gave me a bed to rest in."

"Bless him for that!" said Ellen, with deep feeling.

"He laid his hand on my head and looked into my eyes just as he used to look."

"And did the milk-crook then?" inquired Brian, with a faint laugh.

"No, no, Brian; but there was something that troubled me. I wanted to throw both arms around his neck and cry."

"He was grateful. That is the way I felt when he first spoke to me."

"No, it is not gratitude, brother; I think it is pity, sorrow—a wish to help about something."

"But how could you help him?" asked Brian.

"I don't know, but it will come clear yet."

"I love him dearly," said Brian, with tears in his eyes. "Ellen, I would die for him."

"Brian, that girl knows him; I saw it in her eyes."

"Perhaps; but what then? He has been a great traveler."

"But my young lady did not know him."

"I wish she had; he is splendid, like herself," said Brian.

"Isn't she lovely?" Ellen broke forth. "And he too, Brian?"

"Well, sister?"

"His eyes are like father's."

"Ellen?"

"Dark and large—gray when he thinks, black when he talks."

"You have such strange fancies, sister. It is because his look is always in your mind—that look when he blessed us."

"It is burnt into my heart," said Ellen, in a low voice. "I see it everywhere."

"Even in the eyes of my benefactor," replied Brian, with a faint smile.

He liked this fancy in his sister, and provoked her to express it again.

"It is in his eyes," she answered, in solemn earnest.

"Not always; but I saw it once when you told him who I was. He looked at me then with such tender pity. Brian, I love that man."

"So do I, with all my heart and soul."

"I pity him too," said Ellen; "more than he pitied me. But why?"

"Because your heart is so kind, little sister," said Brian, pressing her to him.

"No, it is not that. He is rich, handsome, grand. Why should anyone pity him?"

She spoke thoughtfully, and as if questioning her own mind. Brian sat with his arms around her, and softly smoothed the beautiful hair back from her head, which lay upon his shoulder. She had a fair complexion and a grand cast of countenance, delicate and yet powerful. The forehead was not remarkably high, but broad and almost massive. When she spoke earnestly it expanded over two large eyes, bright with a deep illumination. When she was wounded or perplexed two faint lines defined themselves between the brows, which would have been rather heavy had her hair taken a deeper brown. This was not a beautiful face, perhaps, but it was one to enter a true soul and picture itself there for ever.

"What will they do with us? Where is your friend going?" she said, clinging to him. "Will they separate us?"

A faint shudder passed over her frame as she asked the question, and she laid her face, which seemed chilled, close to his.

"I do not know where he is going," answered the lad.

Her head fell more heavily upon his shoulder. This trustful whisper set her soul at rest. She was very weary and feeble yet from previous suffering. He saw the broad white lids droop slowly over her eyes and a smile creep around her mouth.

"How tired she is, poor soul," thought the brother, looking down upon her face. "I love to feel her so near me! How sweetly she sleeps—how still it is—Ellen, dear, dear Ellen!"

His head sank downwards, his cheek touched her hair. Her soft breath floated across his lips—his eyes grew heavy, and he began to dream of wandering off in the fields with a baby sister, who insisted on milking her tiny apron with the blue violets and golden cowslips which grew along the path they had taken. Near them a little woodland stream laughed, and rippled, and dimpled around the roots of some crooked old Hawthorn trees, which loomed up through his dreams, white with blossoms. Above these towered a clump of elms, unnumbered with innumerable rooks' nests, which they lifted into the sunshine and half concealed amid a green abundance of foliage. How pleasant and still it was—how softly the waters sang under the bounding rushes—how meek and pretty that little sister looked with all blue and golden flowers in her lap.

What was that? Had one of the elm-trees broken from its base and thundered to the earth? How dark it was—where was his little sister?

"Ellen! Ellen!" he cried out, in bewilderment.

"Here I am, Brian. Don't be frightened, it is only someone at the door."

"How long did I sleep, Ellen?"

"Oh, a long time; it was a sweet sleep; I was dreaming of the Hawthorn hollow, where all those violets grow."

"And I—"

"Yes, I was sure that you dreamed of something pleasant—but they are knocking again. Yes, yes; Brian will come in a minute. He hears you."

Brian kissed Ellen tenderly and turned to go.

"I am happy now," he said, "quite happy. We cannot lose each other again. Good-night. He is wanting me."

"Good-night, Brian. How sweet it will be to wake in the morning and know I have a brother."

CHAPTER XVI.

EUNICE HURD was almost invariably out of sorts when in her normal condition. The particular morning when we join her again she was unusually crabbed, and disposed to be rather fond in her ill-humour.

No person in the whole household had changed so much, after Mrs. Lander's good or ill fortune, as Eunice Hurd. From a gaunt, hard-faced, rigid female of few words and no pretension she had graduated suddenly into a fine lady of wonderful experiences and ridiculous proportions.

Hitherto the grand aim and object of her life had been to hoard up her liberal wages, wear out as few dresses as possible, accumulate second-hand bonnets, and cover all the old parrot skeletons in the house with brown maulin and checked linen, which material sometimes formed a ridiculous contrast to handles of carved ivory or ebony tipped with coral. In fact, a more prudent, economical, not to say parsimonious, woman than Eunice Hurd had not been up to this point was not to be found in a ten-mile ride.

But a sudden outburst of prosperity had fallen on the woman whose pastime had hitherto kept her rather above the level of other servants in the house, and Eunice had been the first to profit by it. When Mrs. Lander went into the gloom and solemn magnificence of deep mourning Eunice pounced upon her previous wardrobe like a kite upon its prey.

A dressmaker was called in. Velvets, moiré antique, and silks of various shades and dimensions were let out, taken in, tucked, puffed, trimmed and vulgarized generally into so many grotesque forms that poor Mrs. Lander failed to recognize any of the elegant garments of which she had once been so proud. Nor is this wonderful. Eunice was at least four inches taller than the widow, and her gaunt figure possessed no more proportions than a broomstick; whereas Mrs. Lander was symmetrical, rather plump, and walked with the dignity of a June, notwithstanding her years.

Besides all this, Eunice had no idea of fitness. To her a handsome dress was proper for all occasions. She rather affected an elaborate toilet early in the morning, and sometimes appeared with the breakfast in silks rustling like a forest in the wind. Eunice had another peculiarity which rather impaired the full splendour of her appearance. After living so many years on the hearing system it was impossible to come out at once into the magnificent dis-

gard of expense which she considered necessary to her advent as a semi-lady.

The morning after Mrs. Lander had been so strangely disturbed Eunice came rustling into her bed-room in a purple moiré antique, short enough to reveal her ankles in front, and fluttering out in a train behind, rendered sparse and scant by two missing breadths, which were that moment at the dyer's with various other strange abstractions of like nature. A cap of rich but very dirty blonde fluttered on her head, and the deep ruffles of heavily embroidered under-sleeves fell over her bony red hands, giving double effect to their coarseness.

"Goodness gracious, if you haven't got up once in your life without calling!" she cried, on finding Mrs. Lander seated in her easy-chair, pale and quiet, but with a strange look of unrest in her face. "How long have you been up? Gracious knows, this is a new streak! The window wide open too, and the lace curtains streaming through, a sketch and tearing in the rose-bushes. Well now, I never did."

"Eunice, Eunice! did you hear anything in the night?"

"Hear anything!—makes alive, no; how should I? Nothing but the driver and the yell off a railroad whistle, which sometimes makes me almost think the judgment day has come on earth, when it wakes me up sudden out of a sound sleep. Well! what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, Eunice," said the widow, rising and walking across the room.

"I know better. Don't try to cheat me. Once again, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only I must have had a strange dream last night."

"Like enough, or you wouldn't have been up this morning, sitting like a ghost in that blue chair, huddled up in your shawl. It's enough to give you your death of cold, I tell you!"

Mrs. Lander went to the window and looked out. A bright morning sun was slanting warmly across the turf, which looked fresh and crisp under its dew. The ladder lay half buried in the grass, and did not seem to have been moved for days. A branch of the rose-bush lay trailing along the stone-work of the house, but that might have been left there by the gardener's uncompleted work. No other trace of the midnight presence that was preying on her mind presented itself to Mrs. Lander. She drew a deep breath, and turned towards Eunice with a look of doubtful relief.

"Did you ever have a dream that was absolutely like reality, Eunice?" she said.

"Yes, I have, and such dreams! Once I was a married woman, and hated my husband for whipping three young ones that was the torment of my life. That ere dream was enough of matrimony for me for a whole lifetime. Real! I should think it was!"

"But did it seem as if you touched the person—kissed him?"

"What! I? I never kissed nothing, whatsoever, to the best of my knowledge and belief, since I was a nursing baby. It isn't in me."

"But did you converse? Did the words seem clear and real after you awoke?"

"I don't remember about the words, but the blows did, awful real."

"What is it? Do speak out, it vexes me to see you standing there shivering and white, like a woman knocked out of snow."

"Eunice, I saw, or thought I saw, my daughter last night."

"Like enough—you're always dreaming about her—it's to be expected; poor gal, I've dreamed of her myself more'n once. Woke myself up scolding at John for not letting her in only yesterday morning! Nothing in that."

"But I held her in my arms. She talked with me—reasoned with me—kissed me."

"That is wonderful! Cora wasn't much given to making a fuss over you—no better proof of its being all a dream than that. She took after me a little in the way of grit."

"Eunice, she did kiss me."

"Don't tell me that, without she wanted something awful bad."

"She did, Eunice."

"What was it?"

"Nothing, nothing; I talk such nonsense. What could the shadows that haunt our dreams ask?"

"Well," said Eunice, maliciously, "if any of 'em took to coming back I shouldn't wonder if it was the old man; he might feel kind of uneasy about that will."

"But he made it! He made it, Eunice."

"I know that well enough. But he might take it into his head that the thing wasn't signed according to order."

The shrill cry of a railroad whistle near the station stopped Eunice in her denunciations. Mrs. Lander started up with a half-terrified look, and went to the window in breathless haste.



[EUNICE THREATENS JOSHUA.]

"Who is it—who can it be? This train does not usually stop here," she said. "Has it stopped?"

Eunice came up, stood on tip-toe, and stretched her long neck over Mrs. Lander's shoulder.

"I don't see nobody coming up from the station. But, as true as I live, there is our Josh standing in the stable door."

"Only Joshua!" exclaimed Mrs. Lander, with a sigh of profound relief. "I'm glad he's come. I thought—I feared—"

"What?"

"Nothing—nothing, only that dream was so real—so very, very real," said the widow, drawing a hand across her eyes.

"But Josh Hurd is a good deal more real, and here he comes, large as life and twice as nat'ral."

"They've come, both on 'em," he said. "I've seen 'em with my own eyes. Got here too late to tell you last night, but it's so."

Mrs. Lander fell back into her chair and gazed wildly on him, without the power to speak, while Eunice drew close to her brother, flaming with indignation.

"Who's come, Josh Hurd? Who's come, I want to know?"

"The two young ladies, Cora Virginia Lander and Virginia Cora Lander. I've seen them, I tell yer, and talked with 'em both, face to face, and they're purty, I can tell yer, both on 'em."

"Joshua Hurd, what do you mean?"

"I mean to say that both gals are alive."

Mrs. Lander had arisen and came close to Joshua. Her hand shook like a leaf as she laid it on his arm, and her white face was full of pitiful anxiety.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me all the truth! Is my daughter alive?"

"Yes; and Mr. Lander's daughter too. They are both of 'em in London."

"How—how were they saved?"

"In a boat. It was another boat that sunk. They floated, and floated, till a ship picked 'em up. There is a good deal more to tell, but that is the long and the short on't."

Eunice seized upon Joshua with two or three rough shakes.

"Josh Hurd, you've been a drinking! This is what they call delirious tremors. I knew you wasn't ter be trusted!"

Joshua shook himself loose, growling like a Newfoundland dog with a terrier at his throat.

"Hands off! hands off."

"Speak then! speak the truth, or I'll shake it out of you!"

"I have spoken the truth. What more do you want, Eunice?"

"I want ter know what you mean by saying that them two gals are alive. It's a trifling with Providence to lie so, Josh Hurd!"

"Jest you wait and see then," said Josh.

"Eunice! Eunice!" said Mrs. Lander, in a low voice. "It is true, they are alive both of them. I felt almost sure of it this morning."

"I don't believe it—I won't believe it! That chap's lying. I see it in his face."

"Wait till the train comes in," growled Joshua.

"I am satisfied that he speaks the truth," said Mrs. Lander, faintly. "I felt it—"

"Yes, that dream," sneered Eunice.

Mrs. Lander arose, pale as snow, but with resolution in her voice and air. A gleam of wild, unsatisfied joy began to deepen in her eyes.

"Go down, Eunice, and prepare everything. My daughter is alive—my niece is coming to take possession here."

"Take possession!—She! I'd like to see her try it. What's to become of the will then?"

"That leaves the property to her."

"So it does," groaned Eunice, dropping into a chair, while both arms fell heavily downward.

"Why, it'll be worse than it was afore the old man died. Oh my! isn't this a blow right on the head?"

"You forget that my child," said Mrs. Lander, "is a joy to compensate for all loss."

"That's true; but then I ain't her mother, and everything was going on so pleasantly. Now all is to be given up. It's enough to grind one's soul out. I shouldn't wonder if she begrudged me these clothes and everything I've got. I tell you, Mrs. Lander, I'd show fight!"

"She is a mighty purty gal now, I tell you," said Joshua. "When that handsome critter comes into her own I shall be an honest man again in spite of you, Eunice."

"You never had sense enough to be anything else!" sneered Eunice. "Don't talk to me."

Mrs. Lander was walking up and down the room, wringing her hands and tearing them apart in great excitement. She was certain now that her midnight visit was a reality, and the great struggle, which was to leave her guilty or innocent, commenced then. Her first meeting with the child, whom she had so honestly believed dead was to leave her an impostor or a beggar. She had been poor, and knew how hard poverty was; how it ground down the soul and palsied the pride within it; how men, even good men, despised it as a proof of incapacity.

No one living, perhaps, had felt the bitterness of these facts more keenly than the woman who paced that sumptuous chamber, which now belonged to another. No creature living could have found more exquisite enjoyment in wealth. For itself and for the power it gave she held it as the great good of life—yesterday it had been hers, untrammelled, unquestioned, almost unlimited. In her domestic life she was a Sybarite. Every enjoyment of sense was perfect in her organism. Her taste in matters of beauty was exquisite. Even now, when she thought of her daughter, it was to remember with a glow of pleasure how exquisitely lovely she was. Already she disliked that other girl, the rightful owner of all the wealth which lay around her. Could she surrender everything and take up her dependant life again? The very thought was hateful.

She had but an hour to decide in—one little hour, and half of it was gone already.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she cried, appealing wildly to Joshua, who sat watching her with kindly interest in his rough face.

"I don't know what you are a thinking on, or what you could do, if you wanted to," he answered, honestly. "But do what's right, that's my advice."

The man spoke clearly, earnestly, and with something impressive in his manner that arrested Mrs. Lander in her walk. She looked him steadily in the face a moment, drew a deep breath and her eyes fell under his honest gaze. She did not look in Joshua Hurd's face again for many a day after that.

Slowly and steadily the woman paced up and down the room; she had evidently arrived at some resolve; her step fell firmly on the carpet; her face settled into hard composure. Her bosom no longer heaved with sighs or struggled with irresolution. She was mistress of the occasion, and for good or evil had made up her mind. Eunice watched her with sharp, searching glances.

What was the secret of her emotion? This was not the joy of a mother who first hears that her child is safe, nor was it altogether distress. Some struggle was going on which racked the woman's whole being. What could it be?

Eunice was herself greatly disturbed; if Mrs. Lander had reigned in the hall Eunice had been even more powerful in the basement. How would this change affect her? Would the second-class sceptre be wrested from her hand by this young girl? Not without a fight for it. Eunice was decided on that. As she came to this conclusion a railroad whistle cut to her ear.

(To be continued.)



[THE MEETING AT THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.]

GOLDEN FAVOURS.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. HALSTEAD left Nannie's room with a grave face, and Hal quitted Evangeline at the piano to exchange a few hasty words with her.

"Don't ask me, Hal. I am thoroughly confused and puzzled. Nannie is certainly struggling through some fierce trial. I cannot obtain a clear explanation from her. I am positive she does not love Monsieur L'Estrange, but that for some reason, somehow, it does not strike me as being connected with herself. She's trying to force herself to consent to his suit. I do not think we can help her; but I am convinced she has better help than ours. I found her on her knees, and I left her with the Bible in her hands. It is thoroughly inexplicable. Yet, I am positive there is some mystery and this is no fanciful trouble. Dear child, my heart never yearned over her so tenderly. Where is monsieur? I cannot rid myself of an uncomfortable feeling, as though there were some hidden mine under our feet, and Nannie were throwing herself away as a sacrifice to save its being sprung for our destruction."

"What could she have said to give you such an idea?"

"It was not what she said, but her looks rather. Have we been unkind to the child lately, Hal? Have we forgotten her under the fascination of others? It's strange where one gets such impressions. I could not shake it off all the time I was there."

"I understand it," said Hal, suddenly. "I have fought against it all day, except—except when in the presence of Evangeline. You were right when you said there was an antagonism between the two. When I am with Evangeline I am angry with Nannie, and when I am with Nannie I, somehow, question the sincerity of my love for Evangeline."

His mother raised her eyes and looked at him keenly. He could not bear that questioning gaze, and colouring deeply went back to Evangeline.

Nannie was invisible all that day. It was not a very genial group, not even when Monsieur Pierre came back from town and enlivened them with his witty sayings.

Monsieur was ill at ease.

He watched the parlour door and the staircase from the upper hall with close attention, and was evidently a little disconcerted at Nannie's continued absence, and when he took his leave for the night it

was with a lugubrious expression, so unnatural for his gay, nonchalant countenance that even Mrs. Halstead was moved to sympathy with his suspense. Evangeline Earle had not looked at him at all nor once addressed him, or in any way acknowledged his presence.

Monsieur had given her a careless glance, shrugged his shoulders, but paid no farther heed to her frigid demeanour.

He went away that night, as I have said, ruefully dejected. But early in the morning, almost as soon as the family had left the breakfast-table, he appeared again with as gay and bright a face as ever.

"Here comes the impatient lover," sneered Evangeline to Mrs. Halstead. "Where is the fair lady? I have not seen her face since the declaration of love."

"No one has seen her to-day. Her door was locked but she took a cup of coffee from Janet," said Mrs. Halstead, in a troubled voice.

"Some people like to appear sentimental. That is my aunt Seraphina's style."

Monsieur Pierre came into the parlour with one of his most elegant bows, and drawing off an exquisitely fitting lavender glove, said, with becoming impressiveness:

"Madam, may I ask the favour of seeing Mademoiselle O'Brien? Will you be good enough to send her word I am here?"

Mrs. Halstead arose and left the room.

Hal nervously paced to and fro before the French window, evidently meditating a retreat into the garden. He had given Evangeline a little gesture, requesting her company, and she responded to it by rising from her chair and opening the glass door, but she still stood with one hand on the door, barring the way with her person.

Standing thus, she met monsieur's eye and gave him one look of desperate rage.

He returned a glance of calm, authoritative defiance, beneath which her haughty face whitened to the very lips.

It was now that Nannie made her appearance. Her coming startled every one of them. It seemed like the approach of a marble statue, so wan and colourless, and exhausted was the fair young face, and so slow and listless, and lifeless every movement.

Hal checked an exclamation of sorrow.

Monsieur's imperturbable face wore a blank expression of astonishment, and Evangeline Earle smiled exultantly and scornfully as she passed through the doorway.

Hal walked thoughtfully down the garden path, not heeding that his lady-love took a seat on the balcony fronting the French window and commanding a view of the door through which Nannie would pass on her departure from the parlour, as well as possibly allowing her to hear the conversation within.

Monsieur Pierre meanwhile advanced eagerly towards Nannie.

"You are ill, mademoiselle. Oh, I grieve to see it. Would that I might spare you this trial. Do you not come to tell me you will give me the power to protect and console you?"

"Monsieur L'Estrange, you see how I have struggled. I think you will no longer wish for such a wife. I think you will not care for my answer at all."

"Nay, nay, you are lovelier, dearer still in your sorrow, your earnest purity, your tenderness of conscience. My affection was never more devoted than now," he said, eagerly.

Nannie sighed heavily.

"Monsieur Pierre, I cannot come to a decision. I have wrestled with myself, I have prayed for help and strength, but I dare not decide yet, unless you will take a refusal and let the subject drop."

"No, no, you shall have another day, another week if you like. You are like a sensitive plant, you are frightened at responsibility, you examine so conscientiously into your own heart that you lose all calmness, all power of judgment. You shall not be startled, my timid dove, nor rudely torn away, my beautiful lily. As I cannot lose you I cannot give you up. Trust yourself to me, I am strong and courageous, let me bear your burdens, let me take the responsibility off that drooping frame, but do not say no to me now."

"Let it be so, then. Who knows what light another day may bring? To-morrow then," replied Nannie, in a listless, weary tone, turning at once towards the door.

Monsieur bit his lip and made a dissenting gesture, but quickly recalled it.

"I shall wait in hope and try to be patient. Good-day, Miss Nannie," said he as he opened the door for her.

He had not closed it again ere the French window swung open and Evangeline Earle swept into the room, two crimson spots burning on her otherwise pallid cheeks, her eyes glittering like stars.

"I give you joy, Pierre L'Estrange," said she; "you will have so affectionate a bride! What strong affection! It is quite affecting!"

"You have listened," said Monsieur Pierre, contemptuously.

"Yes, and I have seen the poor, pining face, it looks so much like a happy bride's. If you do not know, I do, Pierre L'Estrange, her heart is breaking in tearing itself from Hal Halstead."

"Well," said monsieur, coolly. "I have an advantage over Mr. Halstead. I start with a fair knowledge. The lady does not attempt to deceive me."

"And you are determined to marry her? Will nothing change you?" demanded she, in a stern tone.

"Nothing," said even Mademoiselle Evangeline Earle, replied monsignor, coolly.

"I know what you intend—why you seek the girl."

"Well?"

"Have you no shame—no compunction of conscience?"

"What a question from the lips of mademoiselle, the young lady who returned my love vows in Paris with such fervor, and who is to marry this Monsieur Halstead, whom she has, not once but many times, declared the object of her utter detestation."

The girl stamped her foot and glared at him like the beautiful fury she was. A step and a voice were heard outside, and she said, hastily and hesitatingly:

"I must see you alone where there will be no restraint. Pierre, by the love you once professed, if you have forgotten it now, I implore you to grant me the interview."

"Perhaps it is as well. An explanation must come some time. I consent. When and where shall it be?"

"To-night. There is a rustic bridge over a little brook in the rear of the garden yonder. It is safely free from intrusion. I will be there to-night after nine. You will be sure to come, won't you?"

"I will be there," replied monsieur, and gallantly opened the door for her departure, unheeding the noiseless step gliding away.

Mrs. Halstead came out from the sitting-room and received Monsieur Pierre's excuses for his departure.

Hal accompanied monsieur to town, but made only a brief stay. He returned and came directly to his mother.

"I have been thinking of Nannie's face all the time I have been gone, mother. It was actually frightful! That child must not marry Monsieur Pierre, if it cost her such a struggle as her looks betrayed. I want to see her, I want to talk with her."

"I am afraid you will only add to her unhappiness, dear Hal. I have exhausted my own efforts. I am sorely distressed and entirely justified, and yet I cannot help believing that Nannie has genuine cause for her trouble."

"I will go to her, I will try to fathom this strange secret," said he, resolutely.

And accordingly he went up to Nannie's door and knocked. It was opened immediately, and a flush for a moment crossed the girl's face when she saw who her visitor was.

"I wish to talk to you a moment, Nannie dear."

Her lips moved faintly, but gave forth no sound. She made a deprecating gesture, and then bent her head in assent, and led the way to her room. When there she sank down upon the sofa like a helpless creature, and waited for him to speak.

"Your strange silence for these past days evinces some evident trouble, and distresses me sorely, my dear Nannie, and your fact-to-day betrayal of such a struggle, so much suffering—endured in these two past days, that I cannot refrain from appealing to you to give me your confidence. Nannie, dear Nannie, tell me why you wish to marry Monsieur Pierre; when you do not love him? Why you long to get away from the love that has betrayed and crushed you? Why you cannot confide in your old friends whatever this trouble is which weighs so heavily upon you? Do you not know we would do anything for your sake?"

"Oh, for my sake. It is not for my sake I care," burst from Nannie's trembling lips.

"For whose then? For Monsieur Pierre?"

She shook her head impatiently.

"If you would only confide in me," began Hal, reproachfully, and a little impatiently.

"If I only could," ejaculated Nannie, wistfully.

"And pray what hinders you?"

Nannie's blue eyes sparkled, faded as they were with tears, while she said, impetuously:

"You will be angry if I tell you, Hal."

"On my honor, no. I promise I will not, Nannie, whatever it is you say. What hinders your speaking?"

"Your love for Evangeline Earle," replied Nannie, looking gravely into his flushed face.

"It need not," said Hal, after a moment's reflection.

"Ah!" cried Nannie, catching her breath with a gasping sound which frightened her companion, "if

that were only so my troubles, I think, were all ended."

A look came over his face which attracted her. She continued, with simple dignity:

"You mistake me, Hal; I am not thinking of myself at all, only of your happiness and the peril which threatens it."

"Now indeed you astonish me, and I have a right to demand a full and thorough explanation," said Hal.

"You shall have it," answered Nannie, with a sudden resolution, "that met from my lips. Remember if it wreck your love, and therefore your happiness, it is no fault of mine. I would have concealed it to the end. Be ready this evening to follow me secretly and cautiously from the house. Be ready to suspect our absence, least of all Miss Earle."

"But name—"

"No more explanation until then, Hal. It is in vain to ask it. I trust we shall learn the whole truth then. I am certain the child justifies the means. You will be ready to follow when I appear in your chamber door."

"But what if I be detained in the parlour?"

"You will not be. Miss Earle will save you the necessity of inventing an excuse. She will wait for her own room in good season."

"Then I shall best your service."

CHAPTER XIII.

Nannie's prediction was not a vain one. Hal Halstead listened in a sort of rage when Evangeline came from her room and pleading a headache withdrew from the parlour early in the evening. It was a very little thing, to be sure, but the confirmation of the prophecy prepared him to give full credence to whatever assertion she might make in future and filled him with a vague premonition of impending evil.

He went up to his own room immediately.

Nannie met him on the threshold with a shawl around her neck and a heavy scarf wound about her head. She extinguished her candle and motioned him to follow across the hall, down the servants' staircase, treading herself as lightly as a fawn.

As they reached the back door, and the cool wind blew freshly upon their faces, Nannie took his hand and whispered:

"Come, Hal, walk quietly but swiftly. There is not a servant to be seen. We must be fast here."

She skirted the garden and glided down the woodland paths with so fleet a step that Hal could hardly follow her. He noted how carefully she kept in the shade of the hedge—how frequently she turned to glance back, and to listen for any sound, but she made no observation.

A numb conviction of the near approach of some momentous revelation lay hanging on his heart.

An exclamation of relief burst from Nannie when they gained the rustic bridge which spanned a narrow brook, edged on either side with a thicket of alder closely overgrown with vines.

"Thank heaven, we are in season! I know she had not slept, but I was afraid she might be waiting. Come here, Hal; make yourself a place in this tangle where you will be secure from observation but near enough to hear plainly. They will be likely to sit on the bridge."

"What wild idea is this, Nannie? Who will sit on this bridge?"

"My lover and your betrothed," replied Nannie, with a shudder, which Hal could not help repeating, so filled with desperate calmness was the voice.

"Ever-dropping? is that honest?" asked he, reproachfully.

"I believe it is your solemn duty to listen, Hal; it is the only possible way to learn the truth. Hush, someone is coming, hide yourself quickly."

Her earnest voice sank into a low whisper, and she hastily forced her way into the thicket and dropped the long trailing vines around her.

Hal hurriedly followed her example.

All the while they both could hear the steady tramp of a firm step, scratching the dry branches lying on the neglected path. Presently a low, mellow whistle came to them. Hal instinctively reached out his hand and seized Nannie's. The branches entirely concealed her face from him, but the hand was icy cold. It was Monsieur Pierre's whistle. No one else could manage such clear thrilling notes. He came on indolently and carelessly, and sat down on the bridge, so near that every rustle of his garments reached their ears.

"So, the fair lady is late at the trysting-place," he murmured, lightly, stooping to dip his hand into the gurgling water, and splashing it in and out with a noise which startled a sleepy bird from his perch in a small maple close beside him, and sent him whizzing slowly out of intrusion. "So much the better, I shall have time to arrange my strength. I wonder

what sort of tactics she will try this time, the adroit, artful creature. Whether it will be one attempt at a time, or a tout ensemble. *Ma foi*, one need to be wary with such a woman; but the game lies in my own hands. *Tenez, tenez*, Pierre L'Estrange."

After this little soliloquy he fell to whistling again, in the midst of which there came a quick, imperious step and reproachful voice.

"Are you mad, Pierre? Your whistling will draw attention this way."

"Whose attention? that of the evil and hate and the like, or such night rovers, fair Evangeline? I trust nothing less beautiful would haunt this dismal spot. *N'importe!* I came at your bidding. What would you have of me?"

She stood up before him, shaking from head to foot with intense excitement, which had been gathering strength all day.

"So cold, so indifferent, so careless!" said she, in a broken voice. "*Mon Dieu*, Pierre, how you have made me suffer!"

"By my faith, fair lady, I think you're jesting with me."

"I am in my mood but that of jest," answered she, sternly. "I somewhere to demand an explanation of you, to know what cause you have snatched out for yourself and me."

"For what? Why should I decide for you? Have you not already marked out your own course? Are you not to become the flattered and admired wife of this rich young Englishman? Did you not choose him even when you admitted that you loved me?"

"I hate him, I loathe him, I detest him!" cried the girl, passionately. "Every affectionate look of his is like a stab. I long to strangle myself for every kind word I give him. You know, Pierre, that I love you, and you only!"

Monsieur Pierre laughed.

"You have an odd way of showing it, mademoiselle. I came from Paris with my head and heart carried away by the image of the brilliant girl who smiled upon me, responded to my love vows, and yet ran away from me. I found you out; you received me with *hauteur*, and yet with a hidden tenderness. You owned that you loved me, but with the same breath you say to me that my hopes are vain, that you must marry for wealth, and, once you are mistress of a luxurious home I am free to come to you. I shall be your lover, friend, but you must be the wife of another. *Ma foi*! it was hard, yet my passion for you bore it. I took care to keep up this fortunate gentleman. He took to me of course. When I choose to make friends I always get them. He is a good fellow, as simple as a dove, but honest and true. I felt for him when I saw how he was being entrapped by a wicked plot, and yet I had a sort of pride in your genius. I loved you still."

He made a pause and threw a shower of water from his hand.

"Go on," said she, fiercely; "when did it cease? You loved me then, you do not love me now."

"I looked on quietly while you were despoiling all the others; but you reused the lion from his lair when you attempted to cheat me likewise. I am not to be the dupe of the woman I adore, mademoiselle. Who accepts my love must acknowledge me as the master. You tried your art upon me, and they fell away, so also did my love."

She dropped her face into her hand with a low cry of despair.

"That robbery was an admirable manoeuvre, mademoiselle, for these simple people; but did you think I was not keen enough to see through it? You know now, wise as your cupid's maid might be, mine was the coup de maître. I rode over to Monsieur Déesa, and as I had carried your note of command he judged me the accredited messenger. The diamonds were gone, the fellow had more wit than I thought. He secured a little ready money by your pretty plot. The diamonds were gone, but Miss Nannie's treasure was given over to my keeping. So I learned the secret which had puzzled me—why you listed the girl, and why she should rather shrink so mysteriously."

"They taught you something else," said she; "to pretend love for that time, insipid creature. Do not think that I mistake your motives. I know all the time why you were so anxious to marry her."

"Well," answered monsieur, coolly, "supposing it were so. Tosses from your lips come with an ill grace. Do you know the proverb about glass houses, mademoiselle?"

She flung out her hand menacingly.

"But it is not entirely true. The girl ran upon me. She is so pure and true, so innocent. But though a man may be he does not lose his love for such guileless natures. I think my newly kindled love for this girl we have called Nannie O'Brien is the worthiest sentiment of my life. I would marry her if there were not one shilling to come to her."

"You have said enough," almost shrieked his com-

panion. "Oh, Pierre, Pierre! and I have never loved you so recklessly, so passionately, so devotedly as now at this moment, when you are trampling my heart beneath your iron heel. *Mons Dieu*, there is no mercy in mankind."

"How much mercy have you shown in your nature?" cried Monsieur Pierre, dropping instantaneously his cool, nonchalant manner, and speaking in a deep, stern tone. "Man of the world that I am, selfish, frivolous, hollow hearted, it may be, it makes me shudder to think of this wicked, shameful plot you have carried out, if not originated—cheating an honourable young man, too chivalrous in his nature to doubt the fair seeming of your denunciation, wilfully persecuting, as well as demanding, a sweet young creature like the gentle Nannie, trampling redoubtably on the most sacred feelings of the man you love. *Mons Dieu!* mademoiselle. Do you wonder that the mask has dropped? I fancy that I have been under the spell of a wicked, however beautiful, woman."

She listened at these rapidly uttered words covered down, grovelling in the wet grass, gasping for breath, and beating her delicate palms into the damp earth. "Pierre, Pierre, have mercy! I cannot bear it. Give me back your love, and let us go away and leave them. I will forget everything if you will give me back your love!"

Her subject despair moved his pity. "Rise, rise, mademoiselle. It is too late now. It was you who gadded me to speak thus plainly. There is but one thing to be done to make the best of the present circumstances."

She arose to her feet, shook herself free from the passionate grief which had gained the momentary sway, and uttered, in a cold voice:

"You do not mean to expose the secret you hold then. You intend that I should marry this man. I think I see your plan. Since it is impossible for you to obtain the whole fortune to yourself, you are willing that I should share the half."

"Precisely. You need have no fears. I wish the young fellow safely out from my path. It is for my interest that he should marry you, and leave the way free for me to teach her how to love me. No claims shall be urged, no secrets divulged until you are safely married."

"I suppose I must thank you for so much grace," said she, presently, choking down a sob; "and yet—" Her voice failing, she could get no farther.

"And yet what?" asked Monsieur Pierre, in a careless, curious tone.

She roused herself and answered in a wild, vindictive voice, which made even this cool-headed, nonchalant Frenchman shrink.

"And yet I am tempted rather to plunge a dagger into your heart, I hate you so, and I love you so, Pierre L'Estrange. Beware how you goad me too far!"

"You will be calmer to-morrow. This thorough explanation will be a relief to both of us. I have saved you from Mr. Ducus Earle's persecution. He does not know what I have learned, for he did not touch the papers. But I got out of him when the plot began to pass you off for his lost niece, and also his intention to wring from you after your marriage a settled annuity. I stopped all that by threatening to prosecute him for his deception. You will be comfortable and happy by-and-by, mademoiselle. Your beauty and tact will secure for you the homage your nature craves. You will learn to endure, if not adore, your husband, and we shall be on the best of terms, *mon ami*."

"I will try to think so. But you must never ask me to endure this girl. To my dying day I shall hate—hate—hate her!"

The words were issued vindictively through the grating teeth as she suddenly rushed away.

Monsieur shrugged, and so did the two hidden listeners covering there beneath the grape-vines.

"You are of an Italian mother, one can read that. Her hot, fiery blood outruns the thinner current of the French father. But I shall take care to guard my dove from your angry back," muttered Monsieur Pierre as he slowly followed her fierce flight.

The last echo of their footsteps had died away when Hal Halstead lifted Nannie from her uncomfortable position, and emerged into the pale light of the twinkling stars.

He could see that her face was wet with a flood of tears.

"Hal, dear Hal, do you forgive me? Do you wonder that I have suffered under all this knowledge? that I could not bring myself to love her as you wished, nor to undecieve you in your fatal illusion?"

"My poor Nannie, my blessed Nannie," ejaculated Hal. "From what a fatal snare have you saved me. I understand it all now. It was the spell of her fatal beauty, the uncanny magnetism of a subtle mind, which fascinated and bewitched me. I was conscious all the while of an unhealthy excitement

in her presence, a morbid nervousness during her absence. So different from the pure and unobnoxious affection I have felt for you, Nannie. Oh, what a light breaks upon me. I know why Monsieur Pierre's proposal of marriage disconcerted me so. But I cannot tell you now all that has rushed upon me listening to this infamous disclosure. I blush for my own blindness. I must prove myself worthy of you before I dare to ask you to love me, to give me in return for my devoted affection this precious hand. I am free now. This beautiful impostor has no claim upon me. She is not Evangeline Earle—perhaps there is no Evangeline at all. No matter if there be. My mind is settled, for I love you, Nannie. It is you and no other that I must marry, if you will forgive me and restore my affection."

Nannie clung to his arm trembling, and weeping silently.

"You cannot be in earnest, Hal," she faltered at last. "You do not mean that you would forego that noble fortune, your long-protracted expectations, the great good, the noble charities you have planned, all for the sake of a poor friendless girl like Nannie O'Brien?"

"If you will only forgive my stupidity—my blindness; if you will only take my foolish, stumbling heart in your keeping. Nannie, beloved one, you shall soon have proof of my sincerity."

"But, Hal, this Evangeline Earle, the true Evangeline, may yet be found. You may meet her, and then—"

"I will introduce her to my precious Nannie as a worthy excuse for the non-fulfilment of the programme. But really, darling, I believe Evangeline Earle is a myth, as the pseudo one has proved a horrible nightmare delusion."

"You are mistaken, Hal," said Nannie, slowly, but impressively. "Evangeline Earle is not a myth. She is a living reality."

"Are you certain, Nannie?"

"There is not a single doubt of it."

"I am sorry, very sorry. But it will not alter things. I have come to see there are some things more binding upon man's honour than any will of another. She can claim the whole if she pleases, but, Nannie, I cannot forego your love, your help, your comforting presence. I cannot marry Evangeline Earle."

Nannie was still weeping tears of joy and thanksgiving, but she ventured now, softly:

"Hal, dear Hal, I think you will change your mind. You will marry her, I am certain."

"Nannie, foolish Nannie, do not mention the name again."

"That I must, Hal. It is you who are foolish, and still blind and stupid. Oh, Hal, Hal, the true Evangeline Earle—do you not see, do you not guess?—it is wonderful to know you have already fulfilled the will of Mr. Allen. You have protected and cherished her—even now you have promised to marry her. Oh, it is beautiful; I am so happy."

Hal seized her two hands, and, bending down, pressed into her face, trying to read his expression by the starlight. His broad chest heaved, his eyes ran over with heartfelt tears.

"You do not mean you cannot mean—" he began.

"I do. Oh, Hal, there's no doubt. I have all the proofs. They were only copies that women stole from me. I laid them in her way to prove her guilt, her knowledge of my true name and rights. My father's good name is righted too, now that I am able to assume it. Oh, I wonder if my angel mother looks down upon my happiness."

She was folded closely in Hal's arms in one great burst of solemn thanksgiving.

"My Evangeline, my precious Evangeline, heaven make me worthy of you."

There was a long and agitated, but joyful consultation in Mrs. Halstead's boudoir until late into the night. The astonishment at the marvellous story related to her was only equalled by her delight. It had been equally true in her case that while their brilliant guest had obtained a peculiar influence over her there had been beneath it an uneasy dread and conviction of deception. It was a great relief through all the indignation to know that things were to go back to their old and peaceful and quietly happy course.

Nannie to be happy and Hal happy, and no other Evangeline but the dear little girl whose pet name had been so long accepted for her true one. What more could she ask?

CHAPTER XIV.

MONSIEUR PIERRE arrived in due season the next morning. Hal had been absent at breakfast, and Mrs. Halstead had excused his absence to her guest by quietly remarking that her son had been called to town on important business; Nannie appeared in his

place, and the three ladies sat down to the plentiful meal in rather awkward silence. She who had passed so long as Evangeline Earle raised her eyebrows, and glanced curiously into her face, when Nannie entered. The calm content of the lips, the radiant happiness of the blue eyes, startled a vague uneasiness in the heart of the usurper. A second glance was still more perplexing. She took a more cautious survey of Mrs. Halstead's face, and finding it grave and formal, she lowered her eyes, and proceeded to discuss the contents of her coffee-cup in a careless and preoccupied manner.

"Swift as a lightning flash darted this query through that subtle mind:

"What have they discovered? Something surely, it may be everything! If I can see Hal I shall know by the first look from his honest eyes, and I shall know how to steer my course."

And therefore she was the first to meet Hal, on the veranda, when he sprang from his seething horse, just as Monsieur Pierre rode leisurely up the avenue.

"Good-morning, Hal, you have stolen a march on Aurora herself. Did you ride off before the stars had paled, and do you come with the fairy taleman plucked from the daisy, in whose dew-gemmed breast fall the first sunbeams?" asked she, in her melodious voice, lifting those lustrous agate eyes to his.

Hal had dreaded this meeting more than he would have cared to own to Nannie. An absurd trepidation, a haunting fear, had hung over him. What if that singular fascination of hers should still have power over him?

He half-shrugged now, and was a little pale, in spite of the flush of exercise. But with one brave effort he looked up defiantly into her face, and his heart leaped exultantly to find that the charm was broken; that he was able to meet her first seductive smile with cold contempt.

It was her turn to grow pallid. There came a gray, dead look over her whole face, her lips were compressed in grim but impotent resistance, her eyes were almost blind beneath their gathering, black despair and angry lightning, and then faded into fustian apathy.

"It is all over that," said she, in a hard, stern voice.

"It is all over, Elise Larent. I have just come from Mr. Ducus Earle, who has made a full confession. The solicitor and executor of Mr. Allen are in full possession of the facts."

"Is there anything further for me to hear?" asked she, in stony calmness. "I suppose it is hopeless to appeal to the affection you have professed for me?"

"Quite hopeless, Mademoiselle Larent. I was a listener to your conversation with Monsieur Pierre at the bridge last night," replied Hal, sternly.

A glint of fire sparkled across the dead blackness of her eye.

"Ah! then my fall brings a friend along with me—here he comes. I will wait and witness monsieur's reception of his lady love's answer to his ardent suit."

She actually smiled with those cold, pale lips, and swept away with majestic tread towards the parlour.

Hal looked after her with a shudder, and a great overwhelming sense of deliverance from a horrible snare.

He had no time for reflection then, however, for Monsieur Pierre, lifting his hat with his inimitable grace, had passed into the house.

And Hal knew it was his place to be there, and for this duty he was brave and as strong as a young lion.

Monsieur Pierre took but one look at Nannie's cheerful countenance and sprang eagerly to her side.

"Your doubts are ended, your grief has passed," he said, joyously. "Oh, Mademoiselle Nannie, you will make me happy, I read it in your eye."

Nannie blushed and looked down, too confused for the moment to reply. There was no need, for Hal came forward and answered for her:

"Monsieur Pierre, for once your fine penetration has been deceived. Miss Earle, my betrothed wife, desired me to give you this answer. Since she is to marry me first in three weeks from this day you will perceive that there is no hope for Monsieur Pierre L'Estrange."

Monsieur turned round quickly.

"Miss Earle, *ma foi!* there is a mistake. It is Miss Nannie I love."

"Miss Nannie and Evangeline Earle are one and the same person. You do not need this information, monsieur. You have known it ever since your determination to win her by such false and dishonourable means. Speak to him, Nannie darling. Let him understand your sentiments beyond a doubt."

"Monsieur Pierre," said Nannie, "I cannot marry you because I love Hal, and because, I was at the bridge last night."

A stifled oath escaped from monsieur's lip. His

easy grace and nonchalance for once failed him in his hour of need. He looked far more crestfallen and guilty than the pallid, but calm and stately woman who stood confronting him with a sarcastic smile. Mechanically he picked up his hat, and stumbled towards the door.

"Wait a moment, Pierre," said a clear, musical voice; "misery loves company. I am going too."

"Where?" asked Hal, stepping to her side with his purse in his hand. "Mr. Dacus Earle positively refuses to see you again. Where will you go?"

"Anywhere. It does not matter. I shall not starve, nor beg. You must pay me the compliment of believing my wife too sharp for that."

"You have acted in the most unprincipled manner, but I am too happy now to cherish resentment against anyone. I have compassion for your youth and sex. I beg you to reform your conduct, to purify your heart from its unscrupulous ambition. Take this. If you be in need in the future come again, or send to us."

He laid the purse in her hand, bowed gravely, and turned back to Nannie, who was weeping silently her tears of mingled joy and pain.

Monsieur Pierre walked slowly out to the horse he had left champing at the riding-post.

"*Le diable!*" muttered he; "so this is the ending of my fine hopes, and my prospective fortune."

"And of mine!" said a grave, steady voice beyond him.

He turned to find Elise Larent, with shawl and bonnet on, waiting in the walk.

The marbly white, statuesque face was still surpassingly lovely. He checked the angry exclamation rising to his lips, and looked at her earnestly. Just then a momentary tremor crossed her lips. The white eyelid fluttered; the first tear shed that day slipped through the dark eyelash and rolled down her cheek.

"Pierre," said she, "it is better to be honest and virtuous; I commence life anew from this day."

Monsieur L'Estrange threw the bridle over his arm, and walked along beside her out from the avenue and the home of the Halsteads.

It recalled their first meeting. How passionately he loved her then. How sure he was at that time, and how certain now of the power he held over that powerfully gifted and passionately tender-hearted woman. What a superb woman she would make if her words were true. If, indeed, from that day she were honest and virtuous.

The sternness of his face softened. He turned with a quick, vehement gesture.

"*Mon ami,*" said he, "let us help each other. Let us begin anew, as you say. Will you be my wife now?"

She trembled, cast one wild, beseeching look into his face, and cried:

"Pierre, Pierre, it is cruel to mock me."

"I do not mock you. I speak far more earnestly than is my wont. Marry me, and we will go back to France. We are both children of the sunny soil. We will learn to find the true happiness. What do you say, *mon ami*? It is right we should console each other."

She had sternly held to her composure and imperial will until now. But the rock was rent at last, and a perfect storm of sobs and tears followed.

It was a long time before she had grown calm enough to answer coherently. Monsieur's increasing tenderness of tone and look perhaps aided in restoring her. At length she laid both her hands in his, and said, with a faltering voice and downcast eyes:

"If you will take me, Pierre, I will try to make you happy."

Monsieur kissed her hand. And tender-hearted Nannie, leaning fondly on Hal's arm at that moment, might have spared her pity for the defeated and humiliated couple. It was the fairest-omened hour of all their lives. They were humbly seeking for an object which would not crumble in their very grasp. They were preparing to build upon a foundation which would not be washed from under their feet.

And so they went on together, not this time into the dubious shade, the secret trying-place, but fearlessly out into the broad moonday and the widening highway.

There let us leave them. They were happy, in their way, in their sunny French home, and better and worthier people than those who had known them best could ever have believed.

Mr. Dacus Earle never saw them again, but Madame Seraphine, visiting Paris years afterwards, hunted them up, and sent back an account which greatly rejoiced the hearts of Hal Halstead and his pure and noble wife.

Poor Mr. Dacus never realized his great expectations. He made his appearance very humbly, and readily won the forgiveness of his niece, plaintively insisting that he meant no wrong—that he had searched and searched for his brother's child, and only urged the false claim of the French girl when

he was convinced of the death of the true Evangeline.

It was in hunting up the various relics scattered in the neighbouring jewellers' establishments, the works of his father's hands, like the wedding-ring of Nannie's mother, that he took the violent cold which resulted in fever and ultimately in his death. Nannie watched over his sick-bed as faithfully as a daughter, and received his dying blessing.

Tanglewood passed into other hands, and Madame Seraphine, as I have said, strayed away to her favourite France.

And Mr. Allen's will was carried out even more thoroughly than he had anticipated. A happy lot indeed was that of Hal and Nannie, blessing and blest; the willing almoners of a generous fortune, many and many a desolate orphan and needy sufferer had occasion to bless and revere the character of Evangeline Earle.

THE END.

SCIENCE.

MR. WHEATSTONE has demonstrated that the electric spark of our machines does not last the millionth part of a second.

THE bells of the Paris ornamental clocks are composed seventy-two parts by weight copper, 26.56 tin, 1.44 iron.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—Chladni found that the velocity of sound was from ten to fifteen times as great in wood as in air. In metals the velocity is between four and sixteen times that of air.

NEW MODE OF MAKING GAS.—A new method for manufacturing gas, by introducing petroleum with lime water into the retorts when charged with coal, has been patented. It is claimed that the cost of the gas is 80 or 40 per cent. less than when made with coal only.

PLATINIZED COPPER VESSELS.—Platinized copper vessels are being introduced into Europe, for purposes where heretofore those made entirely of platinum have been employed. The former are said to be fully as safe and reliable for containing strong acids as the latter, and are of course very much cheaper.

GASES IN MINES.—Some idea may be formed of the rapidity with which the inflammable gases in mines pour forth by an example or two:—On one occasion, at Seston-Delaval, 4,900 cubic feet of gas were evolved in three minutes. At Hebburn Colliery, where the process was continuous, about 1,500 cubic feet of explosive mixture were formed in two hours.

It is found that when beats of sound are fewer than 10 or more than 70 per second they are disagreeable, but not to the extent of producing discord. Beats from 10 to 70 per second may be regarded as the source of all discord in music; the maximum of dissonance being attained when about 30 beats are produced per second.

POISONS.—A work just published by Drs. Tardieu and Roussin gives some curious details respecting the various toxic substances employed by murderers from 1851 to 1862. Arsenic was used in 232 instances, phosphorus scraped off lucifer matches in 170, sulphate of copper in 77, verdigris in 33, sulphuric acid in 30, cantharides in 23, opium in 6, and hellebore in 6. Eighteen other substances "are only represented by insignificant figures." In one very remarkable case foxglove was the agent employed.

THE STYLOGLOSSUS MUSCLE.—Haller attempted, in reading the *Æneid* aloud, to count the number of letters he could pronounce in a minute. Finding he could pronounce 1,500, among which the R, according to his statement, requires ten successive contractions of the styloglossus, he affirms that a muscle can contract and relax itself 15,000 times in a minute; and as the time of relaxation is as long as that of contraction, each contraction requires about 1-30,000th of a minute, or 1-500th of a second to go from the brain to the styloglossus muscle.

MARTIN'S ANCHORS.—It has been deemed advisable to replace two 72 cwt. anchors, carried at present by H.M.S. Pallas, with two of Mr. Martin's self-casting anchors of better holding powers, and weighing but 52 cwt. each. These anchors have just undergone the Admiralty test in a most satisfactory way. Both anchors were placed under the hydraulic machine, and the Admiralty maximum proof (43 tons) was brought to bear upon them without the slightest permanent deflection being exhibited after the strain was removed. At the request of the patentee 50 per cent. over the Admiralty standard proof was then applied, the strain upon the anchors then being increased to 65 tons, or equal to the ordinary test by the Admiralty of a 95 cwt. anchor. The deflection, with the strain on the anchor, in this instance, was three-tenths of an inch on both arms, but on the strain being

removed the iron resumed its normal position, leaving again no permanent deflection. This strain is equal to that given to an ordinary Admiralty pattern anchor of 95 cwt. The anchors were afterwards submitted in Mr. Martin's presence to the severest possible form of "fire" proof, with results equally satisfactory to those which attended the hydraulic tests. The arms were taken out of the shanks, placed in separate fires, and heated to a low red heat. Taken from the fires, each section of the anchors which had been subjected to the greatest strain was scraped, filed over, and sprinkled with water, and then most scrupulously examined by the master smith and his assistants to ascertain whether there existed any sign of weakness, or cracks, flaw or defect of any kind in the metal. Not the least imperfection of any kind could be detected, and the anchors were then declared accepted for service. Admirals Sir Thomas Palsey, K.C.B., George G. Wellesley, and the chief officials of the dockyard were present at the trials.

THE EARTH'S ELECTRICITY.—M. Matteucci has found that if the surface of the earth at different altitudes be connected by a conductor a constant current of electricity will flow from the lower to the higher point, the intensity of the current increasing with the difference of the altitudes. Thus between Florence and Turin the deflection of the galvanometer from the current passing through it was from 15 to 20 deg.; between Pontedera and Volterra from 20 to 25 deg.; and between Aoste and Courmayeur from 40 to 50 deg. Atmospheric changes, however, modify of course the effects, as do also diversities of latitude and geological formation. The aurora borealis and the variations of terrestrial magnetism are supposed to have an intimate relation with this distribution of electrical conditions.

GUNPOWDER PRESERVED IN A ROCK FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.—A remarkable instance of the undecayable nature of gunpowder has been brought to light, says the *Ocean Times*, in the quarries here the other day. On the estate of Ballachulish there are two veins of slate, the west being the first opened, but it was ceased about one hundred years since. Mr. Pitcairn, the lessee, began the old quarry again a few years since, and the other day the men came upon an old bore with a woollen rag in its mouth. The workmen are interested in every fragment of antique remains, and they searched the bore and found that it contained powder, which, when brought out and exposed to dry, took fire like any other powder. It is now believed that the part of the quarry where these remains were found has not been worked for the last one hundred and fifty years.

WATERWORKS IN SARDINIA.—Recently the inauguration of the waterworks constructed to supply with water the town of Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, took place with much pomp, amid general rejoicings. One of the objects of the extensive aqueduct conveying the indispensable necessary of life is to feed all the fountains of the city, which number 200 in all, and are distant from one another about 180 ft. At a signal given by the prefect the water commenced to fill the large central basin or reservoir communicating with the different conduits laid through the streets. The works in connection with this important undertaking were commenced in 1862, and the expenses were defrayed by a local tax levied upon the householders in a manner somewhat similar to that in vogue among ourselves. The principal storage reservoir is situated at a distance of thirteen miles from Cagliari, and has an area of fifty acres. It contains when full 650,000,000 gallons of water, and the company who received the concession are bound by virtue of their agreement to furnish to the inhabitants, the public establishments, and the harbour, 130,000 gallons per day from June to November, and three times this quantity during the rest of the year. By the same agreement the city is bound to pay the company per annum 10,000*l.* during the first thirty years, 8,000*l.* during the second, and 5,000*l.* during the third. The formal part of the inauguration was brought to a close by M. Simmelkja, on the part of the company, delivering into the hands of the prefect the keys of the reservoir.

THE temperature of a forest is lower than that around it, but higher than that immediately surrounding; the mean temperature of the trees appears to be that of the surrounding air; but changes take place much less rapidly in the trees, especially in the trunks. The phenomena of vegetation do not appear to influence the temperature, for the leaves do not differ scarcely from the air; one singular property of forests has been noticed, that they protect the land to leeward from hail; the hail becomes less and less as it penetrates the forest, soon ceases, and is not reproduced for some distance from the leeward edge.



[DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

LIKE Captain Cook, Mungo Park, Bruce, and a host of other distinguished and intrepid explorers and discoverers, the name of David Livingstone has become a household word throughout the civilized world, and one that will be carried down to posterity, holding not only a high position in volumes of scientific research, remarkable travels and geographical discoveries, but obtain a still wider and more lasting fame by filling a page or two in every school-book and infants' manual, and distant generations will learn to lip his name ere they have learned to speak.

All will remember the *fever* that was created on his return, a few years since, after a long absence in Africa; how he was *filed* by the learned societies, the great and noble, and the avidity with which the great publishers offered thousands of pounds for the record of his travels, then unwritten; and again how, when the book was written, with what rapidity it was disposed of. Alas! that we should have to record the dismal fate of this distinguished man—a fate, to judge from that of so many of his predecessors, that seems almost inseparable from African exploration.

In Livingstone we found the zeal of the Christian missionary united with the ardour of the explorer; and for a period of nearly thirty years he traversed the African Continent with his Bible in one hand and his rifle in the other. The object of his existence has been to open up the interior of Africa to commerce, civilization, and religion, though the difficulties of his mission surpassed the labours of Hercules. Nevertheless, surmounting all obstacles, for, like Napoleon, he knew not the meaning of the word impossible, he

has made remarkable additions to our geographical knowledge of that continent; he has discovered vast inland seas, chains of mountains, and a waterfall which dwarfs Niagara. His *chef d'œuvre*, however, was to have been, and had he been spared, *would* in all probability have been, his last expedition. He was deputed by the Royal Geographical Society to solve the great problem of geography, the true source of the Nile, and to settle the acrimonious and unhappy dispute between Captains Burton and Speke.

In the year 1858 Burton and Speke discovered Lake Tanganyika, which the former declared probably flowed northward, and was thus the real head of the Nile. Speke, on the contrary, maintained that his Victoria Nyanza was the source of that river, and expressed his opinion that the Tanganyika drained towards the south. The altitude of the latter lake they determined to be 1,844 feet; but if this be correct it is absolutely impossible, judging from the altitudes determined by Sir Samuel Baker, that it can have any connection whatever with the Nile. To decide the dispute it therefore became necessary to send out an expedition to determine the watershed of that part of Central Africa; and it was in this splendid enterprise that Dr. Livingstone was dispatched.

The plan laid out for his expedition was to ascend the Rovuma river, to examine the northern end of his own Lake Nyassa, to explore the country between that and the Tanganyika, and on arriving at the latter lake to build boats and proceed to its northern end, so as to discover really in what direction its waters flow. If he found the lake draining towards the south it would be evident that it could have no connection with the Nile, but if he disco-

vered it flowing towards the north there would then be no doubt of its being the source of that river. But while the most sanguine hopes were entertained that success would crown his labours we have received the appalling intelligence that the gallant explorer has been added to the number of brave men who have fallen victims to African savagery.

The following is the best and most lucid account of this sad, sad story that we have met with:

The report of his death was brought to Zanzibar in December last by nine Johanna men, who had been employed on the expedition as baggage porters. Their story was plausible enough, though great doubts have since been cast on their veracity. The party is stated to have left the western shore of the Nyassa, and entered a district haunted by the Mazite, a tribe of wandering Zulus. Dr. Livingstone's escort was reduced to twenty by deaths, desertions, and dismissals. As they approached the scene of the asserted tragedy the Doctor, as usual, led the way, his body-guard of a few faithful negroes following, while his Johanna porters were far in the rear. Suddenly, a band of the Mazite appeared, and instantly came on to the attack. All Moosa, the chief of the porters, who tells the story, says that as the Mazite came on with a rush Dr. Livingstone fired, and killed two of his savage assailants; his boys also fired, but did no execution. In the meantime Moosa had nearly come up with them, and concealing himself behind a tree was about to fire, when Dr. Livingstone was stricken down by a blow from an axe, which came from behind, and nearly decapitated him. Seeing his leader fall, Moosa did not then betray himself by firing, but fled along the path he had come. His Johanna friends threw down their loads and fled with him into the deeper forest, where they concealed themselves. As night came on they crept from their hiding-place and sought their baggage, but it was gone. They then stole towards the spot where Dr. Livingstone lay dead. In front of him were the Mazite whom he had killed, while four or five of his faithful boys were scattered about their leader's corpse. A grave was dug, the body was buried, and the Johanna men made their way back to the coast, whence they were sent on to Zanzibar. These are the chief features of the sad story.

On the receipt of this mournful intelligence Dr. Seward, our acting consul at Zanzibar, and Dr. Kirk, the vice-consul, who accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi expedition, proceeded to Quilloa, a port on the mainland, in order to institute inquiries among the Nyassa traders, whereby the truth might, if possible, be elicited. The result of these inquiries, and the evidence of travellers both at home and abroad who are acquainted with the Johanna people, afford us those rays of hope to which we still cling.

Dr. Seward says that the information he has obtained tends to throw discredit on the entire story. The Nyassa traders express their belief that when Dr. Livingstone was about to enter what was known to be a Mazite-haunted country the nine Johanna men deserted him, and invented the story of his murder to screen themselves from punishment, and to obtain sympathy from the people on the coast. Moosa, who is rather more intelligent than the majority of his race, is well known to some of the members of the Zambesi expedition, to which he and some of his friends were attached. We believe that all who have ever come in contact with these Johanna people unite in describing them as infamous liars, on whose word no reliance whatever can be placed, while Moosa himself—who says he saw Dr. Livingstone fall—is described as the "prince of liars." His superior intelligence only assists the lying propensities of his nature to a more cunning application, though he does not always escape detection. It is, therefore, obvious that we should hesitate before we give up Dr. Livingstone for dead simply on the evidence of these Johanna people.

They all agree in stating that the Doctor was killed by a single gash across the neck, and that they buried him; but there are glaring inconsistencies in other parts of their story. It is by no means improbable that on this occasion they may have exhibited a weakness for which they have credit—viz., that of deserting their leader and inventing a story about his death. This story once coined, it is usually repeated around the camp-fires at night until each has learnt it by heart, and thus uniformity is secured in the tale which each may be called upon to tell. If, as they assert, Dr. Livingstone be really dead, why, it is asked, did they not bring back some relic which should authenticate their statement? And as they assert that some of the Doctor's faithful negroes also

escaped, why have they not found their way to the coast, as well as the Johanna people, to confirm the tale? These considerations buoy us with some hope that Dr. Livingstone has not at this time met the tragic end that has before been reported of him, but that he is even now prosecuting his task in the interior, if he be not actually on the Tanganyika. Should he be alive some months must necessarily elapse before we can hear from him, unless some chance Arab trader should be passing on his way to the coast.

We must confess, however, that the probabilities are against our hopes. Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, does not conceal his belief in the story which the Johanna men have told him. There is no man who is more thoroughly acquainted with their peculiar characteristics, or whose sagacity would be less likely to be deceived by any of Moosa's fabrications. He had, moreover, the acquaintance of Moosa on the Zambesi expedition, and would not fail to make due allowance for a certain extravagance of statement. *He knew, besides, what a sensation a report of Dr. Livingstone's death would create in England, and would certainly hesitate before he became the medium of its transmission if he were not convinced of its correctness.* His subsequent investigations only appear to have confirmed his worst fears, and his opinions are shared by Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Baines, and other eminent men who are qualified to express themselves on the subject.

The Masie are a savage tribe who wander about in the part of Africa indicated as the scene of Dr. Livingstone's murder, and make it a practice to slay everything that comes in their way, to maintain the terror of their name. The Doctor came in contact with them on the Shire, and in the fray some of them were killed. This they would not be likely to forget, but they would take the first opportunity of getting revenge. Dr. Livingstone was also known to be a strenuous and determined opponent to the slave trade, and had probably excited the hatred and hostility of the tribes engaged in that nefarious traffic. These influences acting on their own savage natures would be quite sufficient to induce the Masie to attack and murder him whenever they had the chance of doing so.

It is as natural to the human breast to keep up the flame of hope as for a drowning man to cling to a straw, but in this instance it is to hope against hope, for, confirmatory of the opinion of Dr. Kirk, the Secretary of the Admiralty has recently sent the following communication to the various papers:

"Commodore Hillyar, in a letter dated at Bombay, the 13th of March last reports that Her Majesty's ship *Wasp* had returned to Zanzibar, from Quiloa, with Mr. Seward, Her Majesty's Acting Political Resident at Zanzibar, and states that the information which that officer had been able to obtain respecting the reported death of Dr. Livingstone was chiefly of a confirmatory nature.

"Admiralty, April 5, 1867."

The respect in which the gallant and enterprising Livingstone was held our readers may imagine by the fact that when the news of his sad death reached Zanzibar the English and other European Consuls lowered their flags, an example which was followed by all the ships in the harbour, as well as by the Sultan. It is curious also to remark that Dr. Livingstone himself had a strong presentiment that he would never return from the expedition which has terminated thus disastrously, and this presentiment he frequently expressed to the officers of Her Majesty's ship *Penguin*, who were the last Europeans he saw before starting for the interior.

The lamented explorer is another instance of the great results that a man may achieve by force of will, perseverance and determination of character—another instance also of the possibility of a man raising himself from an obscure position and station in life to a world-wide and never-dying fame—that best of all fames too, one based upon benefits conferred upon humanity at large.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, in the year 1817. He was the son of a tea-dealer, and commenced life as a work-boy in the cotton-mills of his native town. Like many another Scotch lad, who afterwards obtained fame, while toiling for his bread he studied hard, so hard, indeed, that at the age of seventeen he had got by heart large portions of Horace and Virgil.

As he approached manhood he determined to become a missionary. For this purpose he studied medicine as well as theology, and was admitted a Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1839. The London Missionary Society for missionary work in Africa having accepted the offer of his services, he was ordained, and in 1841 left

England for Port Natal. After remaining some time at the Cape, in order to acquire the dialects spoken in the interior, he embarked in his religious labours, and lived chiefly with the Berhans, to whose customs he accommodated himself, and to whom he preached Christianity.

In 1849 he set out, and succeeded in verifying the existence of Lake Ngami. In 1851 he penetrated beyond the chief city of the Makulolo tribe, and found a vast country, fertile, with navigable rivers, and rich in mineral wealth, and inhabited by a friendly people. He afterwards set out to traverse the continent towards the south, and reached Quillonian in 1856, after which he returned to England and published the work to which we have alluded.

In 1857 the geographical societies of London and Paris did themselves honour by bestowing upon the distinguished explorer their gold medals. By way of conclusion we must not omit the fact that on leaving England in 1858 on his last expedition the Doctor took with him a steam-yacht of light draught to ascend the African river, and with scientific apparatus to enable him to accurately determine his observations.

OLIVER DARVEL.

CHAPTER LVIII.

ALL night they continued to move down the stream, the carman sometimes permitting his boat to float with the current, but always on the watch to prevent accidents. Katrina made several ineffectual efforts to talk with her mistress, but finally sank to sleep with her head resting against the bulkhead of the boat. But there was no slumber for the deeply excited woman, whose blood coursed through her veins like fire—whose heart beat with one exulting thought that she was on her way to the vengeance for which she so ardently thirsted.

Hugel had taken the precaution to place food and water in the boat, and the dress worn by the princess enabled her to pass as a peasant woman on her way to the fair at Passau. On the second evening after their escape they reached the point of junction between a narrow and rapid river and the Danube. A few hours later they reached Passau, and the little party went to an humble inn which was well known to Hugel. He called for a private apartment, and ordered supper. This dispatched, he went out and found a Jew trader, who he knew would ask no questions about the jewels he was commissioned to sell.

Little more than half their value was received for the pearls, but to that the princess was indifferent. She would have little use for the money in the future, and her only anxiety was to be again upon her journey.

The distance of Passau from Lichtenfels was about eighty miles, and with the start she had believed she could reasonably hope to reach that place before the news of her escape from the castle, and the deed she had perpetrated there, could reach the Elector.

She ordered Hugel to have a carriage at the door in two hours, as she intended to travel through the night. As the road to Vienna lay for twenty miles in the direction of Lichtenfels the man made no objection to this arrangement; but to his surprise, when the carriage drove to the entrance, his lady arose and spoke to himself and his wife with a dignity and decision of manner which assured them both that remonstrance would be useless.

"Farewell, my good friends. You have both been faithful servants to me, and I thank you with all my heart, but it is no longer safe for you to remain near me, and I give you freedom to go whither you please, while I shall do the same."

Both husband and wife regarded her with bewildered surprise, and Katrina said:

"But, dear mistress, we cannot leave a high-born lady like you to go on so long a journey alone. We must see you safe in Vienna before we leave you."

The princess impressively replied:

"Listen, my friends, and be guided by me, for I assure you that if you proceed a step farther in my company you will be fatally compromised. Get out of the country as fast as you can, for long ere this the people at Burchta have discovered that their master is dead, and we are missing. Of course a messenger will be sent upon our track, and the only safe course for us is to get across the border into Switzerland as speedily as possible. I can take care of myself."

"The baron dead!" exclaimed Hugel, in an appalled tone; and both husband and wife visibly shrank from her who so coolly announced it. "If it is so then you must have been his murderer, my lady."

"I was, and I am ready to bear the consequences of my crime; but you and your wife need not risk being broken on the wheel as my accomplices in a deed of which you knew nothing. Escape while you may, and take with you the wealth I have given you. You have now only to hold your peace, and let me go on my own way without question."

After a hurried and alarmed consultation between the husband and wife it was finally decided that if they would save themselves they must obey the suggestions of the Electress. They would at once seek some means of conveyance out of this dangerous country without momentary delay, leaving the reckless princess to guide her own bark, either to safety or shipwreck. It was clear that they must sever themselves from her, or rush on destruction, and their decision was soon made.

Katrina shed some bitter tears, but her husband drew near the princess and said:

"We have concluded to leave you, my lady. You shall have your own way without any hindrance from us, and may heaven help you to gain a place of safety. The Electress may interfere to save you, but we should be made to pay the penalty of your crime. If you will bid my wife good-bye I will put you in the carriage, and give the position her orders."

With unmoved composure the princess took leave of the attendant who had so long been faithful to her, and wishing Hugel a safe and pleasant voyage, she kissed her hand through the open window of the carriage and was driven away, leaving her deliverers to seek safety in immediate flight.

As to what the ulterior purpose was they dared not ask themselves; but the conviction that it was a fearful one gave an impetus to their desire to leave the country before it could be accomplished. They found means to reach Trieste, and, long before the appalling tidings of what had happened at Lichtenfels reached Passau, Hugel and his wife had set sail for a foreign shore.

By paying double prices the princess obtained relays of horses at the points at which they were exchanged, and overrode the demand for her passport by offering each stage a bribe to the functionary whose duty it was to demand sight of it that he was induced to furnish her with one which would take her safely into the town of Lichtenfels.

She induced him to believe that her luggage had been stolen on her journey, and with it her passport; that she was on the way to the death-bed of a near relation, and an hour's detention might prevent her from ever seeing him in life again. She so successfully appealed to the man's sympathies, or his avarice, that he granted all she asked, and she went on her way exulting in the belief that she would be able to accomplish her purpose before the news of her flight reached her intended victims.

Night was falling when she was set down in front of an obscure inn in the suburbs of the town. She called for a private room, liberally paid the man who had safely driven her to the bourne of her wishes, and dismissed him.

She then handed her spurious passport to the landlord to be exhibited to the proper authorities, and after swallowing a small portion of the refreshment set before her, she threw herself upon the bed to steady her nerves by a few moments' repose.

Though she had scarcely slept for sixty hours, she did not feel the need of rest—the burning thirst for vengeance which now reigned supreme over her shattered mind obviated all sense of weariness, and when the steps of the attendant who removed the scarcely tasted repast died away she arose, and going to the mirror curiously surveyed herself.

She looked haggard and, wretched enough she thought to prevent anyone from recognizing her in her shabby costume. She had also taken the precaution to place a black shade over her eyes, under the pretext of weakness, and to darken her complexion by a pigment furnished her for that purpose by Katrina. Her deep mourning dress was worn-looking and dusty, and her bonnet half crushed in.

She smiled grimly as she thought that in the forlorn and faded figure the glass reflected no one would be found who could recognize the discarded wife of the haughty ruler of Lichtenfels.

The princess arranged her disordered dress as well as circumstances permitted, and then took from her bosom a slender poignard fitted into a case; she drew forth the glittering blade, and tried its sharp point upon her nail, while a wild and cruel smile flitted across her excited face.

"This for him," she muttered as she thrust it back into its hiding-place.

With curious interest she then surveyed her slender white fingers, which, long and delicate as they looked, had in them a tenacity of grip only rivalled by the deadly power of the box-constrictor.

Watching her opportunity when the corridor in which her room opened was vacant, she slipped out, moved lightly down the dimly lighted stairs, and gained the back entrance without attracting notice. Crossing a garden fitted up with alcoves for the accommodation of beer-drinkers, which at that late hour were quite deserted, the Nemesis made her way to a cross-street through a door in the wall.

Glancing backward to see if she was followed, the princess gave nothing suspicious, and, drawing a deep breath, she set out almost in a run, to gain the scene of her meditated vengeance.

The streets of the better portion of the town were familiar to her, and after a few moments she emerged into one which she knew led directly into that one in which the palace was situated. Pasting, and nearly breathless, she at length stood in front of the heavy-looking building in which she had suffered such bitter humiliation and expensable anguish; and her purpose only assumed additional intensity from the sight of its deserted walls.

After surveying the illuminated front the princess turned aside and gained admittance to the grounds through an iron gate, which was used as a private entrance. Familiar with every spot, she glided along as a shadow from shrub to shrub, stealthily approaching the apartments she had once occupied with her children.

Her blood was fired anew by the thought that her rival was there sleeping in peace with the child that had come to take the place of her son, little dreaming of the tiger-like spring about to be made upon them.

Her perfect knowledge of the localities enabled her to gain the place she sought without attracting notice from anyone within the palace. At balcony filled with flowering plants was in front of the windows of Lady Ilmena's apartment, and at one end of it there was a flight of stone steps leading into the garden.

The windows of this room were open, for the night was oppressively warm, but the blinds were carefully closed, and through them filtered a feeble streak of light from the chamber lamp which burned within.

The black-robed Fate came close to the blind, and tried to peer into the room at first ineffectually, but she remembered that one of the strips of wood had been broken by little Carl more than a year before, and only glided together again. As fate would have it the fracture had been made near the hook which fastened the shutter to the inner side, and with extreme caution the princess felt for it now. Her heart beat excitedly as she ascertained that it was so much loosened as to require a very trifling effort to remove the piece nearest to the fastening of the blind.

With her active fingers this was speedily and effectively done, and the avenger looked into the room. A large bedstead occupied the farther side of the apartment, from which the heavy drapery was hooked back. On this lay her rival, apparently in a deep sleep. Close beside the bed stood a cradle in which reposed her son, for the Lady Ilmena was the most devoted of mothers, and she would not permit this darling of her pride and affections to be given over to the care of hired nurses. They were usually in the adjoining apartment, within the sound of her voice; but the heir to so high a destiny as she had won for her child rested beneath her own eye—within reach of her own hand.

Lady Ilmena felt no more remorse for what she had done to accomplish her ambitious ends than did the maddened woman who now looked upon her sleeping face with eyes of vindictive hate, and a heart filled with a vehement desire for vengeance on the woman who had supplanted her; who, she felt intuitively assured in the depths of her own warped and darkened mind, had planned the destruction of her darling children.

After a breathless pause the hand of the Nemesis glided down to the fastening; she softly put it aside, and, unhooking the blind which opened to the floor, she noiselessly stepped into the room and drew it to after her.

She did not know how well she had chosen her opportunity, for on that night the domestics of the palace held a festival, and Lady Ilmena, who was an indulgent mistress, had given permission to her attendants to join the revellers in a distant wing of

the building. She had taken a long drive into the country that day, and, fatigued with the excursion, was now sleeping soundly.

The avenger drew near her victim, and without a single relenting in her purpose bent over the cradle of the infant heir. The child was strong and healthy in appearance, and his little chest heaved with the regular breathing, which showed how sound and invigorating was the slumber so ruthlessly destined to be his last on earth. A smile was on his red lips, and something in his face reminded the mad woman of her own Carl; but this, in place of disarming, only added vehemence to her wrath. She seized a heavy pillow, placed it lightly over the face of the infant, and, before a struggle or a cry could warn the sleeping mother of his danger, the cruel deed was done. One pressure of her weight upon the stifling mass of feathers—one clutch of the long fingers which were thrust beneath it to find the throat of her victim—and the heir of Lichtenfels was no more.

The Nemesis did not lift the pillow to see that her work was accomplished; she knew that to be unnecessary. But she stood with every nerve braced to the tension of steel, gaining breath for the struggle with the mother, for she felt assured that Lady Ilmena would wrestle strongly for her life.

After a moment to recover perfect command of herself, the princess turned to the bed, and stood looking down on the treacherous face of the woman who had supplanted her to her own undoing.

The eyelids of Lady Ilmena quivered—the powerful magnetism of the baleful glance fixed so earnestly upon her partially aroused her from the heavy slumber into which she had fallen, and she made an effort to rise her head.

The next instant a pair of strong, nervous hands were grasping her slender neck like bands of iron. She struggled violently, and tried to scream, but the sounds were choked in the convulsive effort to gain a little breath.

For one brief and awful moment she comprehended who was beside her—how imminent was the danger that menaced her, and she made frantic efforts to loosen the murderous clutch of the infuriated woman upon her throat. But she had as well attempted to resist the rush of a cataract as struggle against the almost supernatural strength that nerved the arm of the being she had so irreparably injured.

Yet Lady Ilmena did struggle bravely. She made a desperate effort to reach the bell-cord, and had almost succeeded in doing so, when a sudden wrench left her dead at the feet of her whose place she had usurped.

The princess stood a moment looking down at her victim, with a bitter smile of triumph, curling her lips. Then, without a shudder at the sight of her own work, she moved softly from the room, and sought the private passage leading to the cabinet of the Elector.

She felt certain that she should find him there alone, for she had seen him seated beside a table as she passed beneath the lighted windows on her way to his wife's apartment.

A door concealed behind hangings of tapestry afforded her ingress, and she passed a moment to ascertain if anyone had joined him before she ventured to make her presence known.

As she expected, the Elector was alone, engaged in looking over papers he was required to sign on the following day.

He sat with his back towards the door; and she drew from her bosom the glittering steel she carried there, poised it in her hand ready to strike, and, parting the tapestry, entered the room.

A single bound forward—a swift plunge—and the dagger was buried to its hilt in his back, and the first words she had uttered since she entered the palace issued from her lips:

"Die, traitor, and go down to Hades the victim of the woman you have scorned and injured; too deeply ever to be forgiven!"

She withdrew the steel, and was again in the act of plunging it into his body when she was violently thrown against the wall, and a voice cried out:

"Wretch, how dare you attack the prince?"

The man who had rushed to the assistance of his master was his secretary, who had just returned from an errand in the town. He was returning with papers for which he had been sent, when he heard the cry of the murderess, and reached the scene of action in time to prevent the repetition of the blow.

He rang the bell violently, raised the Elector, who had sunk to the floor insensible, and hastened to place him on a sofa, that he might seize upon the perpetrator of this daring deed.

But before he could accomplish his purpose, or assistance could come, the Nemesis gained the door through which she had entered. She paused an instant on its threshold to say:

"The second blow matters not—the dagger's point was poisoned, and his fate is sealed. Thus have I avenged my own wrongs and the immolation of my children. Look for your handsome heir, for your stately wife, Elector of Lichtenfels, and see to what I, the scorned and trampled one, have brought them!"

The last words were addressed to her husband, whose eyes had unclosed; and whose stunned senses seemed returning.

An expression of agony swept over his face, and he cried out:

"Stop her! Stop her at all hazards. Leave me, Mamsel, and secure her."

As the secretary made a rush towards her she uttered a wild laugh, evaded him, and, closing the door after herself, sped back the way she had come, dashed through the room in which lay the dead mother and child, gained the window through which she had effected an entrance, and made good her escape.

In a few moments the palace was in a wild state of uproar which baffles description. So soon as it was ascertained that the Elector's life had been attempted, and that of his wife and son actually taken, the news spread rapidly through the town; the bells were rung, and men dispatched in every direction to arrest the perpetrator of the deed, who was declared by the secretary, Mamsel, to be the divorced wife of the prince.

But, speedily as the alarm was given, the criminal managed to evade those sent in pursuit of her, and no trace was found of her for several days.

In the interim the victims lay in state in the gloomy old palace, and physicians with portentous faces came and went in consultation on the case of the wounded prince. The weapon itself had not reached a vital part, but the assertion that the blade was poisoned was fully borne out by the sufferings of the patient. He complained of a burning sensation beneath his shoulder, which seemed slowly extending to the vital portions of his body, and he insisted that his fate was sealed unless some antidote to the poison could be introduced into his system.

An old crone was finally found, who, for a large compensation, agreed to attempt to draw the virus from the wound, and after many efforts this was partially successful. Life was saved, but health never again returned to the sufferer. He lost his hair, eye-brows and finger-nails, and he arose from his bed suffering the mere shadow of his former self.

All joy in life was gone, all fondness for the pleasures he had once so highly valued was dead within him. A wretched, broken-down hypochondriac, he dragged out the few remaining years of life allotted him in gloomy retirement, delegating the cares of his small government to subordinates.

On the day following the tragic events at Lichtenfels the news of the fearful fate of Baron Ardhorn reached his nephew, and he bitterly felt that his wronged and outraged wife had outwitted them both and worked out her terrible retribution to the bitter end.

Every effort to trace Engel and his wife failed, and they were at length given up. Many days after the magnificent funeral of the Lady Ilmena and her son the body of a woman was discovered floating on the stream in which the young princess had been drowned, and those who took it from the water found clenched in her hand the fatal steel with which the Elector had been stabbed.

This, together with her dress, identified the suicide as the unfortunate Electress, and her husband, when informed of these facts, ordered that her remains should be privately interred near the vault in which her children had been placed.

Thus ended the ambitious aspirations of the false and heartless man who had not scrupled to commit such gigantic wrong towards others to gain the empty state he now found only a burden. Punishment had overtaken him even on this earth, and in remorse of mind and constant pain of body he silently awaited the final hour which would lay himself and his aspiring ambition in that grave in which he hoped to find oblivion.

Father Joseph still retained his position as the head of the College in Lichtenfels, and he was finally summoned as spiritual director to the unhappy prince, but his consolations failed to afford him peace, though his exhortations awakened in his mind an eager desire to atone for such wrongs as he yet possessed the power to right.

The Cardinal avowed himself a cousin of Herman's, and the possessor of his confidence. He thus could afford to the remorseful man reliable information concerning the fate of the wife and son he had long believed buried in the depths of the ocean. From him he learned that they yet lived, and a hope was awakened that an heir of his own, born in legal wedlock, might yet succeed to the inheritance he had so ruthlessly grasped.

An agent was sent to trace Erminia Rosen and her son, and, if possible, induce them to return to their native land before death closed all earthly interest to the dying Elector.

CHAPTER LIX.

TEN years have passed away since Mabel Darvel settled in her transatlantic home, and still no tidings have come of the husband with whom she had been permitted to spend but a single week of union and happiness.

For several years she kept up a correspondence with Mr. Denton, and he assured her that every effort was made by himself to trace her unfortunate husband, but entirely without success.

At the close of Mrs. Darvel's fourth year of exile the banker wrote to inform her that, by the death of her father, Fernely had again reverted to herself. He proposed that she should return to England and resume her residence there; but to this she sent back a decided negative.

Deeply seated in her heart of hearts was the conviction that Oliver was not dead—that he would yet seek her in the land to which she had removed for his sake, and there she would remain until he rejoined her, or till death came to put an end to all hopes and fears.

Fernely was sold, and its price transferred to her in bills of exchange, but no portion of her father's fortune, nor of the inheritance she had relinquished to purchase Oliver's safety, was left to her. It was all settled on the second wife and her children, and Mabel gave not a sigh to the wrong thus done her, though she grieved that not even at the last had Mr. Tilson sent her one message of love as an atonement for the harsh treatment she had received at his hands.

As time passed on she struggled to regain her cheerfulness for the sake of the two young beings for whose future she felt herself responsible. She tried to make their home happy to them, and her face gradually acquired an expression of serene calm—her manner a gentle persuasiveness that won obedience without the necessity of often resorting to authority.

Mrs. Darvel still wore the deepest widow's weeds, and she never went into gay society. But she often gathered beneath her roof the few chosen friends whose good will she had won, and a pleasant though limited circle claimed her as one of its choicest members.

She was rich, and able to live as suited her own tastes, with enough to spare for the claims of benevolence; therefore, she raised a grateful heart to that power which had lifted her from dependance on a harsh parent, and given her means to aid others from her own abundance.

Mabel daily returned thanks for the gift of the helpless child that had been so mysteriously placed in her care; but above all for the bright and loving son who was the pride and joy of her life.

Mrs. Minturn was still in the vigour of her faculties, and good use had she made of her accomplishments in training the young Amy. At seventeen the little waif had developed into a most charming and attractive girl.

A graceful, well-proportioned figure, slightly below the medium height, hair of ebony blackness, and large dark, soul-lit eyes, with a complexion of marble purity, and features of aristocratic mould, caused Amy to be gazed at with pleasure wherever she appeared.

Added to these graces of person were an ease and sprightliness of manner, a gaiety of temperament, which rendered her the charm and delight of those with whom she was brought intimately in contact.

Educated entirely at home, Mrs. Minturn took much credit to herself for the skill with which her fair pupil performed on the harpsichord and guitar, besides having the foundation of a thorough English education well laid. She could both read and speak French with fluency, and she acquired a competent knowledge of German from her intimate association with the family of Mrs. Darvel's banker, which claimed Germany as their fatherland.

Little Oliver had grown into a stout lad, and his mother rejoiced in the vigorous constitution he evi-

dently possessed. He was a bright and loving child, and his fond mother was happy in the promise of future excellence in her heart's darling.

Next to the children the greatest pleasure in life enjoyed by Mrs. Darvel was found in beautifying the home in which she cherished the belief she would yet live happily with her restored husband. With this conviction she as diligently prepared everything to please his taste as if he might any day walk in and take possession of what had so long been kept in readiness for him.

Additions and improvements were made from year to year, till the house assumed the picturesque proportions of a cottage *ornée*; lofty forest trees clustered in groups over the lawn, which undulated towards the bay, whose broad expanse swept far away, the glittering waves giving that life and beauty to the landscape without which no scene, however grand, is perfect.

In the rear of the cottage was found a *parterre* for flowers, a kitchen-garden kept in accurate order, and a flourishing orchard.

Within the house comfort and order reined supreme. Every article found there was the best of its kind, but it was evident that they were bought for use, and not merely for show. The fine-grained English carpets in those days of colonial simplicity were considered a great luxury, and the dark walnut furniture, quaintly carved, had all been brought from across the ocean.

There too were found books and pictures, the latter of sufficient merit to please even a fastidious taste, the former chiefly consisting of standard works both in English and French. The publications of the day were regularly sent from London, and altogether the home of Mrs. Darvel offered more attractions to the cultivated people near her than any other in the neighbourhood.

The summer was in its first flush and bloom of beauty, when we again take up the thread of her life—a pure and noble life, which had found its compensations even amid the shadows that rested on her lot.

The sun had set in a flood of radiance over the bay, and the rosy reflections still lingered on the face of the waters, when a group gathered on the portico to enjoy the dreamy twilight which was gradually creeping over the face of nature.

The stars came out one by one, and the new moon hung as a silver sickle in the blue firmament, seeming to hold a bright star almost in its clasp.

By the soft light the features of Mabel seem scarcely changed since we last looked upon them. But the expression is different. There is now an air of expectancy, a gleam of baffled hope, which yet lives through every discouragement, that yet renders her face touching to those who can read something of the inner life by its traces on lips and brow.

Her figure had rounded into more perfect development, and in the eyes of many she would have been considered more attractive at this stage of her life than when she bestowed her hand upon her lost love.

Yet no man had been found hardy enough to insinuate such a thing to her, for the dignified softness of her manners, the deep mourning in which she always appeared, showed those who might have aspired to her favour that here was one woman, widowed in heart, to whom a whisper of love would be a sacrilege—a profanation of the faith she had pledged to the father of her boy.

Those who claimed the friendship of Mrs. Darvel believed her to be a widow, for she had not permitted her sad story to become the theme of gossip among her neighbours; and as such was respected and beloved by all who knew her intimately. When Oliver returned, if he ever did, it would be time enough to let her friends know the actual position in which she was placed. Only to one had her secret been confided—that one was her banker, who, she knew, was a man to be trusted.

She now sat on a *faisseau* on one side of the entrance, while Mrs. Minturn, as fair and placid as in the days of yore, occupied a similar seat on the opposite side. At their feet crouched Oliver, playing with a miniature flag, and on the steps leading into the yard stood Amy, in an evening dress of white muslin, made with a low, pointed bodice, with a fall of lace over it, and a small hoop, very much like those worn at the present day.

Her raven hair, dressed without the powder which was the fashion of the day, was rolled back from her low, broad brow, and ornamented with a spray of scarlet flowers. Her rounded arms, bare to the elbow, gleamed from beneath a frill of delicate lace, and the small white hands were clasped around a bou-

quet which a new comer on the scene had just presented to her.

From beneath her hoop was thrust a delicate, symmetrical foot, in spite of the shoe pointed at the toe, and garnished with a heel so disproportioned in width to its height as to cause us to wonder at this day how our grandmothers managed to walk more steadily than a Chinese woman of high caste.

The young man who had brought the bouquet merits a description too, for it is not often that nature forms so noble a specimen of her handiwork.

Tall, muscular, yet agile and graceful of limb, he seemed the just blending of the strength of a young Hercules with the symmetry of an Antinous; yet, statuesque and elegant as his person was, the head which crowned it claimed and won a higher meed of admiration.

Power, goodness and heroic endurance were stamped upon his lineaments as legibly as they were ever borne by any merely human face. It was a grand head—such a one as an idealist would bestow on Plato or on St. Paul—on any great and good man whose soul has been bequeathed to us without a limning of its mortal investiture.

His brow was broad and massive, shaded by short wavy locks of blonde hair; the eyebrows a shade darker than the hair, arched over large, luminous eyes of a clear bluish gray, through whose magnetic power the strong soul within flashed forth, swaying others almost without an effort; gathering to the active brain what it most needed for the full development of his noble manhood—for the career of usefulness for which nature had bestowed on him such lavish gifts of beauty and intellect.

Max Rosen, the discarded son of a hard and cruel father, was the being thus marvellously gifted. He was his mother's child, and from her had he derived all that was grand and noble in his nature. He is now in his twenty-fourth year, and for the first time he is in love.

Yes—he is passionately enamoured of the dark-eyed fairy who stands beside him coquettishly examining the flowers he has brought, so arranged as to foreshadow the revelation that is impending, and a faint colour rises to her pearly cheek as she shyly glances up and catches the meaning of the compelling eyes that are looking down upon her with his whole ardent soul mirrored in them.

His lips, so expressive of tender and gentle meaning, unclosed with a faint smile, and he whispered:

"I have something particular to say to you, Amy; something I wish you alone to hear. Will you come with me to the summer-house? Your mother will not object, for we shall still be in sight from the portico. Aimée, Aimée, you will not refuse me."

The emphasis with which he pronounced her expressive name caused a thrill to shiver through her heart, and the blush deepened to a rose tint. Yet she looked up with the intention of coquetting a little before granting his request, for she half guessed its meaning, and shrank from listening to the revelation which she yet thirsted for in the innermost depths of her soul. But when her eyes met and were fixed by his there was something in their expression which took from her all power of resistance, and she faintly said:

"Let me first place my flowers in a vase filled with water, and I will go with you to look out on the bay."

"You may go on that errand if you will first promise to look on the arrangement of those little messengers, and understand what this means."

And he touched the central flower, an exquisite rose just bursting into perfect bloom.

That she understood his meaning was evident from the flash of radiant happiness that shone an instant on her fair face, and was then resolutely veiled by the maiden modesty and pride which were her greatest charms in the eyes of her young wooer.

She hastily retreated through the hall, and in another instant he saw her slender figure sit across the lighted parlour. Then, drawing near the two elder ladies, he spoke to them in the deep, musical tones of a voice as remarkable for its melodious richness as his person was for its masculine beauty.

"The evening is so divine that I have entreated Miss Cameron to stroll with me to the summer-house. Since you are both aware of the hopes I have been presumptuous enough to make known to you I hope you will not disapprove of a *tête-à-tête*."

Mabel replied, with a friendly smile:

"You have already had my answer, Mr. Rosen. After what I have told you concerning my adopted daughter, if you still desire to win her, I can only say that I shall be most happy to claim you as my future son."

"And I echo what Mabel has expressed," said Mrs. Minturn, with grave deliberation.
To these gratifying assurances the lover hastened to reply:

"It is the dearest wish of my heart to win the consent of Amy to become my wife, and I have no reason to believe that there will be any opposition from my family to our union. But I will speak farther with you on that subject when I have made my position with her secure. How much I thank you both—how happy your kindness has made me—I cannot now express, for here comes the sweet arbiter of my destiny to settle her fate and my own."

As Amy reappeared with a mantle of black lace thrown over her head Oliver roused himself from the half slumber into which he had fallen, and earnestly entreated that he might accompany her. Amy held out her hand, laughing, and said:

"You shall come with us, pet, for you will enjoy the moonlight on the water as much as Max and I shall."

The child responded to his feet, but the gentle hand of his mother withheld him, and her soft voice remonstrated:

"My darling boy, mother cannot spare you now. You were half in dreamland just now, and if you come out of it so abruptly the fairy of good dreams will not come back to you soon again. Come, you shall fall asleep in mother's arms now, and to-morrow you shall tell me what beautiful things she whispered to you to-night."

The child laughed, nestled his head on her bosom, and cried out:

"I can't go with you, Amy, for I mean to talk with my father to-night."

In anticipation of this result Max had drawn Amy's arm beneath his own, and they were already some distance down the walk.

With a lowly breathed sigh Mabel arose to go in with her son, for she always listened to his nightly prayers, and saw him placed in his little bed beside her own.

The last singular assertion he had made is easily explained by the training his infant mind had received. His father was the theme of his mother's talk with him from the first dawning of intelligence; his picture was shown to Oliver till he knew every feature in the face, and the visions that visited him in his sleep gradually came to be filled with the image of the parent he had never known.

Every morning he had something new to relate, and on these vague revelations Mabel unconsciously kept alive the belief which at times would falter and almost sink into the hopelessness of despondency.

Mrs. Minturn went into the house with Mabel, and after the lad was put to rest, they talked over the prospect opening before Amy with gratified and thankful hearts; for Max Rosen was all that either of them could ask in a suitor for her hand.

His uncle was a large landholder. The nephew had received the most liberal education, besides acquiring accomplishments not often bestowed on the sons of merchant princes in those days.

Mr. Rosen had never forgotten the possible future of his sister's son, and Max was encouraged to acquire an accurate knowledge of several modern languages, with fair skill in music and drawing.

The Rosen family had brought with them much wealth to the colonies, and from their manner and appearance it was believed that they were people of gentle blood, though no hints ever passed the lips of any of the family of the high destiny in which Max was born, nor until very lately was the young man aware that he claimed a noble of high rank for his father.

Mr. Rosen thought such information useless, especially as the revelation must prove to Max how utterly worthless his nobly born father was, but his mother insisted that he should be told, and the outlines of her sad story were placed before him.

Mr. Rosen was the business man of Mrs. Darvel; his daughter was the chosen friend of Amy, and out of these relations naturally grew the intimacy on the part of the young people, which led to as strong and tender a love as ever bound two young hearts together.

During his boyhood Max had not once thought of falling in love with the little sprite who so often danced into his uncle's parlour, but the ambitious lad was sent away to college, was absent nearly three years, and came back to find that the fairy child had matured into a most lovely and fascinating girl. His heart was taken captive; he bowed his stately head before the witchery of her presence, but he would not speak before he had some assurance that it would not be in vain.

Max was by no means a coxcomb, but he placed a just appreciation upon himself, and he bided his time till the drooping eyelids, the fluctuating colour on her pearly cheek, and the tremor of her small hand when it chanced to come in contact with his own, showed him that the spell his delicate homage had cast over her had produced its legitimate effect, and the timid heart only needed to be assured that his stronger one should be its stay through life to give up all its treasured sweets to his keeping.

His probation was long before he obtained this encouragement from Amy, for she was both reticent and proud, and it was not till he gained complete mastery over her by showing how tender and respectful was the love she had inspired that she would betray the slightest evidence that it was returned.

When once assured in his own mind that Amy was not indifferent to him Max, according to the fashion of the day, first applied to her protectress for leave to woo and win her darling.

It was then that Mrs. Darvel revealed to him all she knew of Amy's antecedents, and left him free to withdraw or go on as he might seem best; she hinted that his family should be consulted, to which he replied that his uncle knew of and already approved his choice; that his mother and stepfather were living at such a distance from him that it would consume too much time to write and await their reply before ascertaining from Amy herself what his fate was to be. He declared that his heart was set on a union with the foundling, and no power should prevent him from making her his own provided her consent were won.

Touched and interested by feelings she could so well understand and appreciate, Mabel bade him God speed, and granted him permission to pour the story of his love into the ears that were thirsting to receive it, yet trembling before the great change in her destiny the events of this evening foreshadowed.

(To be continued.)

HEAVY DAMAGES.—A Liverpool solicitor has obtained 1,806*l.* as damages against the Manchester South Junction and Altrincham Railway for injuries he had sustained through want of lights at the Manchester London-road Station.

A FEW of the captured Austrian guns have been melted down for the purpose of making medals for the Prussian soldiers, and they are said to have turned out to be made of copper and lead, instead of the usual gun-metal, which is a compound of copper and tin.

A LAKE has been discovered in the State of Iowa occupying a surface of 2,800 acres, which is between two and three feet higher than the surrounding country, and encircled by a carefully built wall ten or fifteen feet wide. When or by whom the wall, which is very old, was built none can discover. The stones of the wall vary in weight from a hundred pounds to three tons. There are no stones on the land within ten miles around the lake.

ALGERIA.—Algeria is like an island which lies but a short distance from the English coast, and would be a charming spot if lives and property were safe in it. In spite of various temptations France cannot colonize her African possessions, for the Arab can be no more tamed than the Celt. Now and then adventurous people go to Algeria for awhile, but they generally return considerably disgusted. A French gentleman, recently from those parts, tells how he had met a young Englishman up the country, dressed in pegtop trousers, and having for his whole stock in trade a tin box of sandwiches; but he was only on the look-out for a likely spot to pitch his tent and go into cotton. We find in a paper an account of how the Government have just completed the boring of an artesian well in the country. The writer adds:—"The yield of the well is 10 litres per second, and this quantity is sufficient to water 120 hectares (24 acres each) of land during the dry season. The depth reached was 82 metres (39 1-3rd inches each), and the total cost was 4,441 francs, or 87 francs per hectare of land irrigated. In the desert the springs lie at the depth of about 30 metres, and the cost of watering would not be more than 20 francs per hectare. The land there belongs to no one, neither to the native tribes nor to the Government; it is of no value, but by fertilizing it with water it becomes the most productive in the world. It then produces coffee, tea, dates, coconuts, cotton, cinnamon, all the dry plants of India, and grass throughout the year. Why not create a company for the following operation:—to irrigate land in the desert by means of artesian wells, and then sell it? The hectare, which would at first cost 20 francs, would be purchased immediately at a hundred, and a company would thus find the means of continually

increasing its capital five-fold. Purchasers would not be wanting; natives and Europeans would compete for these lands, on which both would find means of making a rapid fortune; the former by plantations of palm-trees and other produce, and the latter by raising sheep. The desert land abundantly watered is the dream of every Arab, for the product of a quarter of an acre, planted with palm-trees, is sufficient to feed an entire family.

THE GORILLA.

I HAD not been at the village long before news came that gorillas had been recently seen in the neighbourhood of a plantation only half a mile distant. Early in the morning of the 25th of June I wended my way thither, accompanied by one of my boys, named Odango. The plantation was a large one, and situated on very broken ground, surrounded by the virgin forest. It was a lovely morning; the sky was almost cloudless, and all around was still as death, except the slight rustling of the tree-tops, moved by the gentle land breeze.

When I reached the place I had first to pick my way through the maze of tree-stumps and half-burnt logs by the side of a field of cassada. I was going quietly along the borders of this, when I heard, in the grove of plantain-trees towards which I was walking, a great crashing noise, like the breaking of trees. I immediately hid myself behind a bush, and was soon gratified with the sight of a female gorilla; but before I had time to notice its movements a second and third emerged from the masses of colossal foliage; at length no less than four came into view. They were all busily engaged in tearing down the larger trees. One of the females had a young one following her. I had an excellent opportunity of watching the impish band. The shaggy hides, the protuberant abdomens, the hideous features of these strange creatures, whose forms so nearly resemble man, made up a picture like a vision in some morbid dream.

In destroying a tree they first grasped the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pulled it down, a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely formed a stem as that of the plantain. They then set upon the juicy heart of the tree at the bases of the leaves, and devoured it with great voracity. While eating they made a kind of clucking noise, expressive of contentment. Many trees they destroyed apparently out of pure mischief. Now and then they stood still and looked around. Once or twice they seemed on the point of starting off in alarm, but recovered themselves and continued their work. Gradually they got nearer to the edge of the dark forest, and finally disappeared. I was so intent on watching them that I let go the last chance of shooting one almost before I became aware of it.

The next day I went again with Odango to the same spot. I had no expectation of seeing gorillas in the same plantation, and was carrying a light shot gun, having given my heavy double-barrelled rifle to the boy to carry. The plantation extended over two hills, with a deep hollow between, planted with sugar-cane. Before I had crossed the hollow I saw on the opposite slope a monstrous gorilla, standing erect and looking directly towards me. Without turning my face I beckoned the boy to bring me my rifle, but no rifle came. The little coward had bolted, and I lost my chance. The huge beast stared at me for about two minutes, and then, without uttering any cry, moved off to the shade of the forest, running nimbly on his hands and feet.

As my readers may easily imagine, I had excellent opportunity of observing, during these two days, the manner in which the gorillas walked when in open ground. They move along with great rapidity and on all fours, that is, with the knuckles of their hands touching the ground. Artists, in representing the gorilla walking, generally make the arms too much bowed outwards, and the elbows too much bent; this gives the figure an appearance of heaviness and awkwardness. When the gorillas that I watched left the plantain-trees they moved off at a great pace over the ground, with their arms extended straight forwards towards the ground, and moving rapidly. I may mention also that having now opened the stomachs of several freshly killed gorillas, I have never found anything but vegetable matter in them.—*A Journey to Ashango Land. By P. B. Du Chailu.*

UNHEALTHY WORKSHOPS.—When a poor fellow is dying in the hospital it is agreed on all hands that he wants a thousand cubic feet of air, and we do our best to give it him; but we do not concern ourselves

much about the fact that, when, in health, he has to pass twelve, sixteen, eighteen hours, and very often the night into the bargain, in a working-den where he has not a tithe of that necessary quantity. That a dozen grown men should ply their work in a garret ten feet square, and not ten feet high by a good deal, or in a cellar of like dimensions—where they are rapidly preparing themselves for the liberal allowance of the hospital—that fact scarcely moves our sympathies. We are horrified at the thought that two or three families should sleep in a single room, and we agitate for their better accommodation; but that fifty men should be working a hundred hours a week in a crowded attic, the ceiling of which they can touch with their hand, is a thing that calls for no remark. We look to the sanitary condition of lodging-houses, and enforce the use of lime-wash and the practice of cleanliness; but the vilest dens, the filthiest sties, are held to be good enough to work in, even though no attempt at lime-washing or cleanliness in any shape be made from one generation to another. In a word, we look on unconcernedly while employers, contracting with men for their labour, take their lives into the bargain, by subjecting them to influences under which their health must eventually succumb.

FACETIE.

A GERMAN writer says a young girl is a flaking-rod: the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gadgion, and marriage the batter in which he is fried.

A COUNTRYMAN who was charged with ten gallons of whisky which a grocer put in an eight-gallon keg, said he "didn't mind the money over-charged so much as he did the strain on the keg."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Jones was travelling with his wife, and was so gallant in his behaviour to his *composse* that madam became uneasy, and remonstrated against his attentions as too marked for public observation.

"The deuce!" said Jones; "we're married, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the lady, "but judging by your deportment, folks will think we are not!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, not much for you," said the careful dame; "you are a man, but we women have our characters to take care of."

Jones was shocked into propriety for the rest of the journey.

THE absurd habit young ladies have now-a-days of priding the backs of their heads with horsehair, like sofa-cushions, may be briefly summed up as "stiff and nonsense."

"I SAY, boy, how far do these rocks run into the sea?" asked a gentleman of a half-clad, frowzy-haired fisherman's son, on the east coast of Scotland. "They dinna run awa, sir; they jostle lie still there."

DISTRESSING CASE.—Oh, dear, is it not too bad? After wearing those small bonnets during the cold winter months, and having a cold in the head all the time—to think that they are going to wear large ones, to cover the head for the spring and summer!

ROGERS, the wit, was one day asked how he contrived to infuse so much irony into his letters. "I find not the least difficulty in that," replied Rogers. "Have so?" asked his querist. "Why," returned Rogers, slowly and deliberately, "the reason is, I write with a steel pen."

A BIG FAMILY.—A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was, "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters." "Marry!" replied the interrogator, "sic a family go man have."

"PARTY, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen." "Troth, boy, indeed an it's just myself what is wanting awake Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure, I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, my darlint."

A YOUNG lady having "butter her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidantes, when one of them comforted her with these words: "Never mind, Molly, there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."

A LEGAL FICTION.—In the neighbourhood of Presburg, in Hungary, a short time ago, a woman was charged with being the receiver of stolen goods, which were found in the cellar of her home. She had most of her life been a Jewess, but about six months ago she was converted by a priest of the Church of Rome.

The date of birth runs in Hungary from the date of baptism. Therefore the woman, when on trial, made the ingenious plea that she was an infant not yet come to years of discretion, and could not legally be convicted. The intelligent tribunal, says the *Express*, after serious cogitation, held her defence to be a good one, and acquitted her. The widow now finds herself to be in an excellent position. Being legally only six months old—though virtually over forty—she can use her years of indiscretion to thieve or commit other crimes without fear of legal consequences.

SCENE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Doctor: "What! you boiled the paper prescription, and gave the patient the water of that to take?"

Lady (of ninety-five winters): "Well, you see, doctor, I kind o' got onto the way of givin' physic; you see since my youngest son was born, and that's fifty-nine or sixty-nine years ago, I forget which, we've had no doctor; you said bill that fifteen minutes' hot's much better, so the Latin on the paper, perhaps, is what did him good!"

STUPID people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths would do well as banks of deposit, but not as banks for the issue of notes.

MR. DRAMPTON (to lady of the house): "You really must excuse me from dancing this evening. You see I am in half mourning—lost an aunt on my mother's side. Only come to pay my respects to you, thought you might feel hurt, you know; and then, you do always have such nice suppers."

"OH, HORRIBLE—MOST HORRIBLE!"

Has body-snatching been resuscitated, and have resurrection-men arisen again? We were alarmed to meet with the following advertisement in the columns of a contemporary:

"Draper's clerk wanted. Must thoroughly understand dissecting. Good character, indispensable. Apply by letter, stating full particulars, to A. B. & Co."

A horrible thought strikes us that the practices of Burke and Haro have been revived at Establishments which bear the outward semblance of draperies. People going to such shops for a few yards of calico may be supplied unexpectedly with their last lines—or smoking; they may require maulin and get a suffocating with a pitch-plaster. If this be not the case why, we ask, and we pause for a reply—why must a draper's clerk thoroughly understand dissecting?—*Punch*.

THE FAVORITE PHYSICIAN.

Doctor: "I know I do not require medicine, as it is entirely the nerves. Don't you think a change of air—say a sea voyage—a little trip to Paris?"

Doctor: "Hum! let me see. Last year a trip to Scarborough did you much good. I think we can bring the husband round to the sea voyage."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—It has been affirmed that the father of Henry Chicheley, the Archbishop of Canterbury (1414-43), was by trade a tailor. That such a report was circulated, when Henry had become the Primate of all England, is counterbalanced by the fact of the practical joke which was played upon him by the courtiers of Henry VI., to whom he had, on some occasion, given offence. They caused him to be served with a pie full of rags; the rags being intended to remind the first peer of the realm of his humble origin. —*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. By Walter Forester Hoole, D.D., F.R.S.*

TOWNE AND COUNTRY.—The Emperor having been obliged to drop Luxembourg, will have to content himself, as at present, with "Luxembourg-ville."

TAKING A HINT.

Anna Florio (concluding the story of the naughty little girl): "—and soaked all her nice new Sunday clothes from head to foot." (Moral.) "But Sylvie's a good little girl—she never got into her bath with all her Sunday clothes on."

Sylvie (thoughtfully): "No—no, I never did—but I will now!" —*Punch*.

BRITISH JURORS FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The jurymen who recommended Mr. Wager and Mr. Longhurst to mercy should be sent to figure in the British department of the great Exhibition at Paris. Then they might be compared, by students of character, with the French jurors who find murders such as those which were committed by the above-named criminals to have been accompanied by extenuating circumstances. —*Punch*.

SITTING BONNETS AT BACHELORS.—Our elegant contemporary, *Le Follet*, enumerates, amongst the trimmings for bonnets now in vogue, "bachelors' buttons." Are these ornaments to be considered emblems of conquest achieved, or symbols of expected victory? Bachelors' buttons, decorating the bonnets of spinsters, may be thought, perhaps, to express, in the language of flowers, a desire to get

married. When the wearers of bachelors' buttons in their bonnets shall have obtained the bachelors for whom they advertise by the exhibition of these tokens, may those whose bonnets will have ceased to be bachelors' buttons ever find their buttons all right? —*Punch*.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT.—Madame Josebel offers silly women, who are not contented with their natural features, "recipes for youth, beauty, grace, and elegance, which give golden tresses, sparkling eyes, ruby lips, and soft peachlike complexion to ladies wrinkled, freckled, mottled, or aged, which have gained for her the patronage of the crowned heads of Europe and her world-renowned name." These prescriptions for facial paint and plaster, Madame Josebel adds, "can be forwarded on the receipt of 12 1/2s." Harsh advertisement concludes with—"Caution: Beware of spurious imitations." Certainly; but rather beware of noxious originals. —*Punch*.

VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

A little while since René Lartigue, a celebrated gourmand of Paris, who spent a third of his life at dinner, died of a fit of indigestion. The Paris correspondent of one of our contemporaries describes him in the strongest terms:

"His dress was most wretched—his shoes broken, his trousers torn, his palette without any lining and patched, his waistcoat without buttons, his hat red rusty from old age, and the whole surmounted by a dirty white beard."

It is pity that as great a curiosity could not have been prevailed on to survive until the Exhibition. We doubt not he might have realised enough to supply him with dinner all day long by exhibiting himself to those who would pay to see a man with a dirty white beard growing on the top of his hat. —*Punch*.

CHEER AND CHRISTIANITY.—Someone writing to the *English Independent* states that chess has been forbidden at the rooms of the Christian Young Men's Association at Aldersgate Street. We are rather puzzled to see why chess should be condemned while draughts and dominoes are exempt. Can it be possible that the game is supposed to glance at the course of the Episcopacy, because "the bishop" moves in a diabolical direction? —*Punch*.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Waiter (on receipt of a "threepenny" as a gratuity): "Begg pardon, sir. Would you see the goodness to tell me this small coin is? You can see better with your glass than I can with the naked eye?" —*Punch*.

QUITE ANOTHER PACE OF SHOW.

Head of East Establishment: "Bought 'em here two days ago, and gone like that, marm! I can't explain it: unless—unless you walked in them." (Lady, astarte). "Ah! You see we only make for carriage people!" —*Punch*.

ONE of the French newspapers, giving an account of the opening of the Exhibition falls into countless stilted mutterings, dumplings, and potter, which, among other things, are to be got in an eating-house in the English part of the show, kept by one Spiers; also at the "pretentious installation" thereof, and at the fact of its being "ornamented with misses and mistresses (O Spiers!), whose complexions are lilien and roses, whose hair is elaborately dyed, and whose persons are graceful and bewitching."

A CHIEF HATEN BY SNAKES.—In the early part of the month of August last a girl named Eliza Drummond, about eleven years of age, whose parents live near the town of West Monroe, left her home one morning for the purpose of picking berries, and never returned. The most diligent search was made for her by the parents and neighbours, but no traces could be found. The event, which created a profound sensation at the time, had almost passed from the minds of all save the stricken parents, when it was painfully recalled by a recent occurrence. Shortly after five o'clock last went out hunting in the vicinity, and during the day came upon a spot where a large number of black snakes were discovered, and killed. The appearance of the reptiles in such numbers, and at this season of the year, was considered remarkable, and it was suggested by one of the party that a breeding-den must be somewhere near. A search was immediately commenced, which resulted in a manner far different from their expectations. In the side of a little hill near the edge of the swamp was found a sort of opening, which, in the summer, was concealed by tall grass and bushes. In this opening was found a human skeleton, from which every particle of flesh had been taken. The bones were as white as ivory, and all perfect. Near by was a tin pail, in a rusted condition, and a tin cup. The boys were terribly frightened and gave the alarm. The remains were

taken from the mouth of the den, and an examination showed that the place had been, and probably now was, a breeding-place for black snakes. The boldness hesitated to enter. The entrance, which was large enough for the admission of a man's body, grew smaller and tended downwards. Lighted balls of hay soaked in kerosene were thrown into the cavity, and in less than fifteen minutes eighty-two snakes, ranging in length from one-and-a-half to four feet, were killed. The pail and cup were recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond as those taken by their child when she went away for the last time. The physicians pronounced the remains those of a female child, and there can be no doubt but that the poor little girl, while picking blackberries in the vicinity of the spot, became tired, seated herself in the shade of the opening to this horrid den, was attacked by the reptiles in numbers, and killed. The discovery has shocked the whole community.

DISTRIBUTION AND HABITAT OF INSECTS

The distribution of insects is in exact proportion to the diffusion of plants; the richer any country is in plants the richer it is also in insects. The polar regions which produce but few plants have also but few insects; whereas the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical countries feeds a numerous host of insects. With respect to their habitation, insects are divided into those which live upon land and water. Those which live in the water either never leave that element, or are able to live at will either in the water or on the earth, at least for a short time; for example, many water-beetles. Many live at certain periods of their development in water; at others, on land; such as many sorts of flies, and all the dragon flies, which as larvae and pupae live in water, but as perfect insects on land, or in the air. Land insects live either in the earth, under stones, in decayed wood, or in putrid animal substances. Of these some pass their whole lives in these places, others only during a particular period of their development.

Many of the larvae of flies live in carrion or excrement, while the perfect insect flies about in the open air. A very large number choose the different parts of plants for their abode, as the roots, bark, inner bark, albumen, wood, pith, buds, flowers, leaves, and fruit. They change their abode in every new stage of their development. Thus the bark-beetle, which in the larva state lived under the bark, swarms in its perfect state up the trees, the curculio of the apple-tree, the larvae of which infest the bottom of the apple-blossom, crawl on the trees, or on the surrounding ground; the mining moth, which as a larva lives under the cuticle of the leaves, flutters in its winged state about the flowers and leaves. Most insects live solitarily, either without any definite dwelling, or they construct for themselves a house composed of various kinds of vegetables or animal matter; for example, many caterpillars. A few species live in society, such as bees, ants, wasps, &c. By obtaining a general knowledge of the abode of insects it is evident that the observer of the economy of insects will be able more satisfactorily to combat many that are injurious to him; thus, he can with little trouble greatly diminish or entirely annihilate those that he has ascertained to live in society, or in places of easy access. Keller.

THE FIAT ISLANDERS.—The natives of the Fiat Islands during the frequent tropical showers protect their beautifully arranged hair by covering their heads with a young banana leaf, which, after it has been heated over a fire, acquires all the pliancy and waterproof qualities of oiled silk. Their scanty garments are formed from the paper mulberry, and are therefore easily replaced. The population of the islands is estimated at 200,000.

DREADFUL SUFFERING OF A SHIP CAPTAIN.—It will no doubt be in the recollection of our readers that the circumstances attending the mutilation and singular preservation of Captain John Casey, the master of the ship *Jane Lowdon*, created a painful interest in the public mind when the case was made known last summer, in consequence of an application made on his behalf to Mr. Partridge at the Thames Police Court. His ship became water-logged in the Atlantic Ocean. All the crew, sixteen in number, sought refuge in the maintop, and all perished except the unfortunate captain, who was exposed to the elements for thirty-three days, and for twenty-eight days did not taste a morsel of food. He was rescued by the crew of the Dutch barque *Ida Elizabeth*. He was then a wasted skeleton, and weighed forty-two pounds only. The kindest attention was paid to him by the master of the Dutch ship, he was conveyed to the Helder, in Holland, and was an inmate of the hospital there for six months. Six fingers and five

toes were amputated. The Dutch people, from the King downwards, paid him every attention. The greatest skill and care were devoted to his case, and he at last reached London. By the kindness and recommendations of the Rev. Mr. Jameson, English chaplain at the Hague, upwards of 2000 was collected for him in Holland, and invested by the Rev. Mr. Tyaske, vicar of Padstow, on behalf of his wife and family. Upwards of 4000 was sent to Mr. Partridge for the benefit of Captain Casey, and the whole amount was invested by Mr. Livingston, the chief cashier of the court, in the Three per Cent. Consols. A letter from Captain Casey, who has been living in Budlow, in Cornwall, since last October, has been received at the Thames Police Court, stating that his mutilated hands and feet were healed up, and that he could now walk about the town, and that his friend Captain Mangley, R.N., of Fairford, near Exeter, a large-hearted and Christian gentleman, was very kind and attentive to him. Captain Casey's remarkable preservation and misfortunes have excited sympathy in a foreign land. It was announced to Mr. Partridge the other day that 195 rupees (19½ 10s.) had been forwarded to him from Aden, 300 from Quebec, and an additional £6 from his benevolent patron, the Rev. Mr. Jameson.

THE SPELL

I LOVED you, in the olden time;
As, kneeling at your feet,
I kissed your dimpled hands, and thought
My happiness complete.
But ah! this later blossoming
Is fifty times as sweet.

Love hovered then in rosy clouds;
Or dropped in tender dew;
'Tis now the sunshine's steady light,
As constant and as true.
That growth still more warm and bright
As it enfoldeth you.

I praised of old your soft, white hand,
So beautiful to see,
I love it now, because it soothes
My pain so tenderly.
And for the countless wants and ways
In which it helpeth me.

Your presence build me life a tower
Upright, in those old days;
It holds me now in deeper bonds,
By its sweet woman ways,
And binds me with some tender chain
Each moment that it stays.
I fancied, in youth's simple hour,
I loved you true and well;
But ah, the passion of this hour,
How weak are words to tell.
The height, and depth and tenderness,
And sweetness of its spell.

R. B. H.

GENS.

MASTER your passions, or they will master you.
If you can say nothing good of one, say nothing at all.

Do not.—Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds always beget just thoughts.

Right and Wrong.—Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase your inclination to do right.

THE HEART.—When the heart is pure and straightforward there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment; but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one.

PHILES OF RESPECTABILITY.—While open sin kills ten thousands, worldly respectability kills its ten thousands. It is an inclined plane of unsuspected danger. It is covered with green grass, yet encircled with lovely flowers to the very edge of the precipice, ending in eternal ruin. "Why will you spend money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not?"

AUSTRALIAN WEAPONS.—Captain King discovered in a basket belonging to a native of Hanover Bay, Australia, in 1821, a small bundle of bark, tied up with more than usual care, containing several spear-heads "most ingeniously and curiously made of stone; they were six inches in length, terminated with a sharp point, both edges were serrated in a most surprising way (the illustration accompanying his description shows them to have been exactly similar to those found in Europe), the serratures were evidently made with a sharp stroke with some instrument, but

it was effected without leaving the least mark of the blow; the stone was covered with a red pigment, and appeared to be a flint slate, and the careful manner in which they were preserved plainly showed their value, for each was separated by strips of bark, and the sharp edges protected by a covering of fur." This is an interesting discovery, as it doubtless was the custom of other stone implement using nations to preserve the edges of their weapons in some similar manner.

STATISTICS.

MR. SCOTT, registrar of the coal market, states that more than 4,000,000 tons of coal go through the streets of London for delivery within four miles of Charing Cross in a year; about 14,000 tons a day.

THE tax of one cent on every box of matches netted the United States' Government 1,500,000 dollars last year. According to that estimate, 100,000,000 bunches or boxes of matches must have been used in that country during the year, or five bunches, equal to 500 matches, for every man, woman, or child.

ADDITIONS TO THE ROYAL NAVY.—A return, made at the instance of the Duke of Somerset, shows, according to the *Civil Service Gazette*, that in the seven years, 1860-66, 108 ships, of 294,965 tons, were ordered to be built, purchased, or converted into iron-clads or screw-ships, and 27 ships, of 116,587 tons, ordered to be built before 1860; were launched after that date, making a total addition in the seven years of 135 ships, of 321,492 tons. In the same period 327 ships, of 278,761 tons, were withdrawn from the Royal Navy by sale, loss at sea, or otherwise, making the net result a diminution of 145 in the number of ships, but an increase of 47,731 in the number of tons. Fifty wooden screw ships, in addition to the above, were ordered to be built in 1860 and 1861, but on the more general adoption of armour-plating they were not proceeded with. Ships removed from the list of sailing ships to that of steamships, or from the list of steamships to that of armour-plated ships, appear on both sides of this account.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Eucharist jewels have been sold by auction in London, and realized 37,700l.

DURING the Exhibition letters will be sent between London and Paris, by Dover and Calais, three times a day, instead of twice, as at present.

THE journals of the Montpelier annuance the death in that town of two centenarians, both widows.—Madame Martel, 101 years, and Madame Benquet, 108.

THE estimates for the Post Office Packet Service for the financial year 1897-98 have been recently issued, and show a total decrease of nearly 14,000l. as compared with those of last year.

THE Plantagenet statues at Angers are to be deposited in honour where the tombs originally were erected, and the venerable Abbey Chapel is to be restored in all its primitive beauty.

MADAME PATRICKSON BONAPARTE.—In a boarding-house in Baltimore lives the once famous Madame Patrickson Bonaparte. She is now seventy-eight years old, but retains some traces of her youthful beauty. She is fond of whisky and her grandson.

A CRIMEAN TROPHY.—The large Russian gun captured at the siege of Sebastopol during the Crimean war has been placed inside the enclosure opposite the new school at Eton College. The gun was presented by Her Majesty.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MAUSOLEUM.—Many artisans are still engaged in decorating the interior walls of the Prince Consort's mausoleum in Frogmore Gardens, which is almost daily visited by the Queen, who is much interested in the progress.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—At a recent sale in Worcester an autograph of Oliver Cromwell fetched the high price of six guineas, which as the signature was merely "Oliver C." was at the rate of nearly a pound a letter.

THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE.—The mental condition of the Empress Charlotte appears to give very little hope of recovery. From her features all intellectual expression is more and more vanishing. But her physical health is all that can be desired.

M. THIERS said, in his great speech, that 3,000 leagues separated France from the United States, and M. Rouher, while echoing the statement, called them "sea-leagues." Both these eminent statesmen were terribly out in their figures. The exact distance between Brest and New York is 2,866 nautical miles—in French measure 5,368 kilometres, or only 1,326 leagues and 4 kilometres, instead of 3,000 leagues.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALBERT.—The office of Post-Laureate was instituted in the year 1251.

E. J., twenty, not very tall, fair, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and domesticated.

ALMA and B. C.—Your verses are declined with thanks; neither is up to the mark of print.

LOTTIE, twenty, medium height, and a good housekeeper. Respondent must be dark, and of a cheerful disposition.

JAMES RIVERS, twenty, dark gray eyes, brown hair, and passable looking, but not pretty.

GRETKER, 5 ft. in height, a blonde, good looking, and very musical. Respondent must be dark.

JEMIMA, twenty-one, good looking, domesticated, dark hair and eyes, loving disposition, and would make a good wife. Respondent must be twenty-three, tall, and dark.

FLORA C., seventeen, medium height, a profusion of long brown curly hair, dark blue eyes, Grecian nose, very domesticated, and highly respectable.

RACHEL, nineteen, medium height, and fair. Respondent must be a steady, sober, industrious mechanic, of a kind disposition.

FORREST.—The verses "To Gaze upon those Scenes," "Come away to the Fields," and "Unrequited Love," are declined with thanks; neither is poetry, nor indeed even rhyme.

A. T., 5 ft. in height, brown hair, hazel eyes, and fair, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man that is fond of home.

ADRIETTE.—Michaelmas is the feast of the Archangel Michael, celebrated on the 29th of September, and is one of the periods for settling rent.

LEVALD.—The best disinfectants for silk-worms are chlorine and chloride of lime. For drains and sewers carbolic acid of lime and carbolic acid.

LILY GRAY.—The inclement weather endured in England during the whole of the past winter has been almost universal, not confined alone to the British Isles.

ROLAND OLIVER.—Any bookseller will supply you with hand-books to all of the important towns. The prices vary from one shilling upwards. Visitors' guide-books are sold by all the local booksellers and stationers.

EDGAR. a widower, fifty, desires a respectable and comfortable partner from forty to fifty. He is a retired Government officer, with an income for life; one with a small capital or income to add will find it to her advantage.

KATE, seventeen, of the medium height, dark curly hair, dark eyes, very domesticated, and can play and sing, but has no money. Respondent must be very fair, tall, with good prospects, and not over twenty-five.

H. E. A., nineteen, tall, brown hair and eyes, and respectfully connected. Respondent must be a Protestant, from nineteen to twenty-five, tall, and holding a Government situation.

H. J. M., 5 ft. 11 in., of gentlemanly appearance, fair, good looking, fond of home and music, and a young tradesman. Respondent must be about twenty, fair, very dark, with musical abilities, and of a loving disposition.

PLUTO.—The growth of whiskers is only to be promoted by time, athletic exercise, frequent bathing, and the use of bear's-grease; as they grow cut them, and their growth will become strengthened if not accelerated. A sea-voyage is the best recipe for the growth of whiskers.

M. F. and J. M., two friends. "M. F." is twenty-two, medium height, fair, blue eyes, light brown hair, and very domesticated. "J. M." is eighteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes, dark brown hair, and very domesticated. Respondents must be dark, steady, and fond of home.

MARION ST. CLAIR desiderates a young gentleman about 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, nice looking, steady, and fond of music and home. "Marion" is 5 ft. 3 in. in height, very nice looking, with brown curling hair, very fair, beautiful hazel eyes, a good piano-forte player, and has 200l. a year and more in prospective; no fortune-hunter need reply.

ALICE and MARY. "Alice," nineteen, 5 ft., fair, with a nice colour, auburn curly hair, good tempered, and domesticated; has nothing to offer but a loving heart. "Mary," twenty, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark hair, hazel eyes, good tempered, no fortune, but domesticated, and will make a true and loving wife.

LAURE.—Mezzo literally means middle; it is a term in music, generally employed in conjunction with some other word, as *mezzo-forte*, moderately loud; *mezzo-piano*, rather soft; *mezzo-soprano*, the middle species of female voice. The G clef, when on the second line, is termed the *mezzo-soprano* clef.

RICHARD BOURKE.—Has a writer of a novel, in doing so, committed a sin? Such is, we must say, the very foolish question put to us by this correspondent. Has not "R. B." read the works of Sir Walter Scott, which have taught history and morality to millions in the past, and will to millions more of unborn generations? Did "R. B." never hear of Maria Edgeworth, whose novels have morally and religiously trained the minds of millions of young people? Did Thackeray

sin by leaching the vices of his age, or Dickens, whose life has been spent in improving the minds and morals of his fellow-creatures of all countries? Are Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Brontë, and Miss Eliot, the spirit of whose writings is eliminated from the Divine essence, to be considered as sinners? What could put such trash into the head of "R. B.," who must be strangely ignorant indeed not to know that the novel is and has been for this half-century the accepted medium through which historians, politicians, and people of every religious sect put forth their opinions? It is true that novels like "Jack Shepherd," having for their heroes highwaymen and thieves, have a bad tendency, but such works are few and far between, being swamped even when they do appear by the healthy and realistic fiction now so prominent. One would imagine "R. B." to be like one of the seven sleepers who has just awakened from a century's slumber, for about that period ago novels were not so pure, and to a certain extent deserved the castigation they met with at the hands of people belonging to certain sectarian circles.

TWENTY-EIGHT, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, dark, black hair, and bright gray eyes, but bad teeth. Respondent must be near her own age, and of course in a position to maintain a wife; a tradesman preferred. "Twenty-Eight" has no money. The translation of the phrase told us *in* is *in* is "Such is life." Handwriting exceedingly good and even ladylike for a domestic servant.

SPRING DAYS.

The spring-days, with their suns and showers,
Are melting winter's snowy sheath;
And promises of unborn flowers
Sift under each.

The frost of hill and heath.
From cold decay come wine and food
To warm the north of plant and clod;
The miracle of life renewed,
Through spire and pod,
Beneath the smile of God!

For God's dear sunshine finds the gem
Of beauty underneath all things;
And quickens sense within the worm,
And softly brings
It upward, drest in wings.

The great, warm bounty of the sun
Falls equally on sands and seed;
So God's wide goodness falls upon
All things that need,
Giving them tender heed.

And though our griefs shut in, like frost,
The blossoms of our summer hours,
No germs of faith are ever lost,
While heaven hath ever
And suns, to make them sowers!

J. H. D.

WILLA HEATE.—Your father having bequeathed to you a yearly income on coming of age (not having devised to the contrary), neither your mother nor your grandmother can keep your money from you, even if you do marry without their consent. (Handwriting tolerably good, but you do yourself injustice by the use of so thick a pen.)

MARION.—The sign-boards suspended before the doors of inns and taverns are not in all cases mere daubs as you express it. As a rule they may be indifferent, but remember these sign-boards have been painted as pot-boilers—that is, a means of getting a little ready money—by such great artists as Hogarth, Wilson, Ribbens, Harlow, Crome, Sir Charles Ross, Sir William Beechey, David Roberts, David Cox, Philip, and Dick Tinsie.

ELIZABETH.—Studying art does not consist in learning to draw—that, though good, is not necessary; study pictures rather, but above all watch nature. Study each human face that comes before you, not merely to ascertain the temper that dwells within, but endeavour to catch the hue of the flesh, the cast of features, its lines and wrinkles, and then determine how you can best make the means at your command express in fullest individuality.

ARTHUR J. M.—Wash the head well in cold water, then rub in a little bay-rum, after which apply the brush vigorously, and use bear's-grease or a good pomade sparingly; do this regularly every morning, and if there be any curling in your hair you will find your question answered effectively. (Handwriting very indifferent. You should practice with care and attention; better take a few lessons or your hand will be so spoiled that you will never write well.)

A POOR WIDOW IN DISTRESS.—If, as you say, by the rules and orders of the club to which your husband belonged, and into the funds of which he paid three years' subscriptions, you are entitled to receive 12l. for burying your deceased husband, and also a certain sum per quarter while you remain a widow—let us repeat, if it be exactly as you state, you should summons the secretary of the club for the amount in the County Court.

CHARLES.—You request to be informed which is the most agreeable country to travel through during summer. Switzerland decidedly, for besides good roads, and in general comfortable inns, some of the most beautiful objects in nature are presented to the eye in a greater variety, and on a larger scale, than in any other country. In some of the Cantons each cottage has its little territory frequently skirted with trees and well supplied with water. No wonder, therefore, that the Swiss peasant should be attached to his country.

Dear to that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

CLARISSA.—The encouragement of the needle among young women is most praiseworthy, and is especially important in districts where girls are employed in factories from an early age. Amongst this class the making of patchwork is a favourite amusement, and as such an occupation necessitates considerable practice in the use of the needle working men cannot deem its encouragement a matter of little importance, especially as it affords considerable scope in the way of design, thus rendering it interesting as well as useful.

NABO.—1. Everything depends upon the terms of your indentures. 2. You certainly cannot, being out of your time—no stipulations in the indentures to the contrary—compel your master to employ you as a journeyman. 3. Probably the two years out of the seven you were allowed to work at your

trade was sufficient to teach it to you; it is so in many crafts. How is it that if, as you say, your master did not allow you for five years to work at the trade you did not complain, for in that case you had a legal remedy? The affair, however, is so complicated as you state it that if you think you are entitled to damages you had better consult a respectable solicitor. State your case to him without reserve, and he will not charge you much—a few shillings perhaps.

MARGUERITE.—You wish to know the quickest method for making skeleton leaves of plants. You will find the following as expedients as possible:—Take a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a liquid state and mix it with a quart of spring water; leaves or seed-vessels of plants should be soaked in this mixture for about four hours, then taken out and well washed in a large basin of water, then they should be left to dry, with free exposure to light and air. Some of the larger species of leaves will require to remain rather more than four hours in the liquid.

CAROLINE.—There are various opinions respecting the origin of "All Fools Day," or the 1st of April. The first reminiscence of the custom we have is the Hulf Festival, which is kept up among the Hindoes at the same time of year. On this occasion people are sent upon all sorts of errands, which usually end in vexation and disappointment; another theory is that in the custom there is a hidden implication of the mockery of our Saviour by the Jews, which certainly occurred before our Easter, a festival which generally falls near the beginning of April. In France "April fools" are termed *Poissons d'Avril*, meaning "mackerels" or silly fish, and in Scotland "April gowks."

M. E. G. is very unhappy, poor girl. She is deeply in love, and her swain as warmly reciprocates the passion, she knows, but the dear fellow is so shy that as progress is made in the courting, "M. E. G." says she is equally shy, and asks us who is in fault. Your swain by all means. It is woman's dearest privilege to be sought, not to seek. But has "M. E. G." no father, brother, or other relation who could break the ice for her? He is a sorry swain indeed who can be in love with a pretty girl and refrain from opening the budget of his heart. Again, perhaps "M. E. G." is a little impatient. There may be a good time coming, so wait a little longer.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

JOHNAL is responded to by—"Anna," 5 ft. 8 in. in height, rather stout, fair, good looking, good tempered, industrious, domesticated, can manage any light business, and has a little money.

RICHARD (a sailor) by—"Jenny," twenty-one, has dark hair and eyes, good looking, domesticated, a loving disposition, and would make a good wife.

A. P. E. by—"May Cameron," fair, golden brown hair, hazel eyes, small mouth, nice looking, ladylike, accomplished, of good family, and will have 300l. a year when twenty-one; and—"M. A. G.," nineteen, rather tall, fair, and passable looking.

TOM by—"Little Lady," medium height, fair, and good looking.

HAPPY JACK by—"A Wild Irish Girl," twenty-one, medium height, blue eyes, dark hair, pretty, fond of home, highly respectable, and sure she would make a good, loving little wife.

A LOVER or HOME by—"Mary," who will send her carte and full particulars, and—"Violet," twenty-five, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, dark hair, light eyes, considered very pretty, and has a small fortune.

GEORGE J. W. by—"Water Witch," nineteen, rather tall, good tempered, and good looking—"Carrie," nineteen, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark hair, blue eyes, good looking, and good tempered—"J. P.," 5 ft. in height, fair, blue eyes, good tempered, domesticated, and respectable, but poor; and—"Ivy B.," eighteen, brown curling hair, blue eyes, fair, of respectable family, and with a small fortune.

Is "W. N." will send his carte to "Amy" she will send hers in return.

M. J. R. by—"G. P.," a mechanic.

MAGNET by—"Catholicon," twenty-three, 5 ft. 4 in., dark, fond of music, a Catholic schoolmaster, and well educated; and—"J. H. W.," who holds a situation in the Navy, and 100l. per annum.

GRIST by—"Mara," a fine fellow over 5 ft. in height, and proportionally stout, very handsome, of first-class position, and good family; and—"J. Q. B.," a cashier in an extensive banking-house, with a salary of 170l., twenty, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, dark, and good looking.

JERRY P. by—"A. G. Blair," twenty-two, tall, well made, dark, very black hair, a heavy moustache, a superintendent in a respectable wholesale establishment, domesticated, homely and quiet in tastes, and of sober habits.

AGNES by—"Della," a young chemist, twenty-three, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, not particularly ugly, has a good temper, and would like to start in business for herself with a comfortable home; a Protestant—"M. J. J.," twenty, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, moderately good looking, fair, a chemist, will have sufficient to start himself in a good business, very fond of music, and of steady habits—"W. W.," twenty-four, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, in a good business, with an income of from 700l. to 400l. a year, and good prospects, good tempered, has travelled in a great many parts abroad, is a Protestant, and of very steady habits—"Thomas T.," twenty, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, considered good looking, fond of music, can sing and dance well, has received a good education, has a thorough knowledge of French, and has travelled in all parts of the Continent—"J. Francis," twenty-four, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, fair, well educated, and shortly expects to settle down in a business of his own; and—"R. P.," who is twenty-two, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, fair, not bad looking, and a Protestant, who would like to see foreign lands.

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